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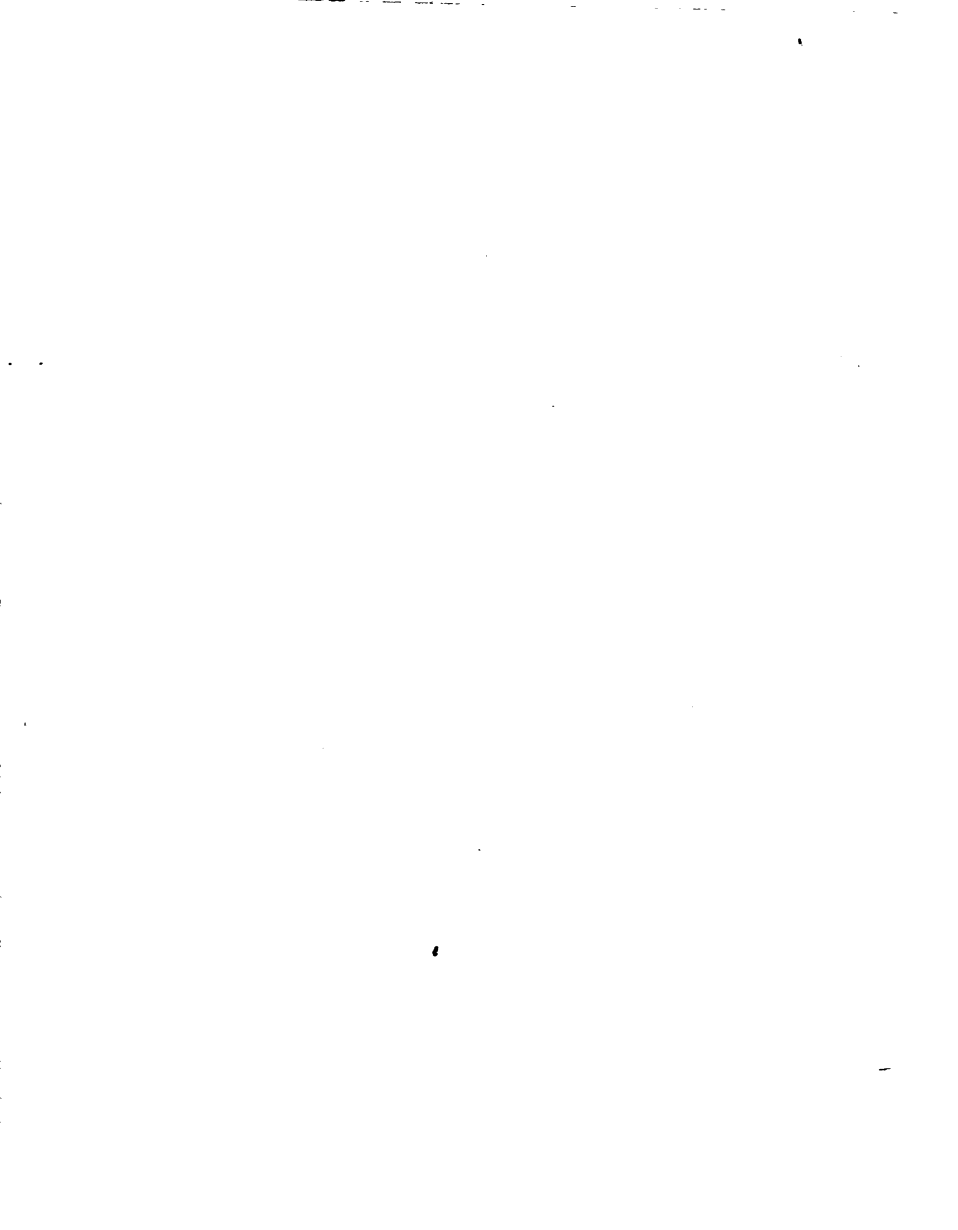


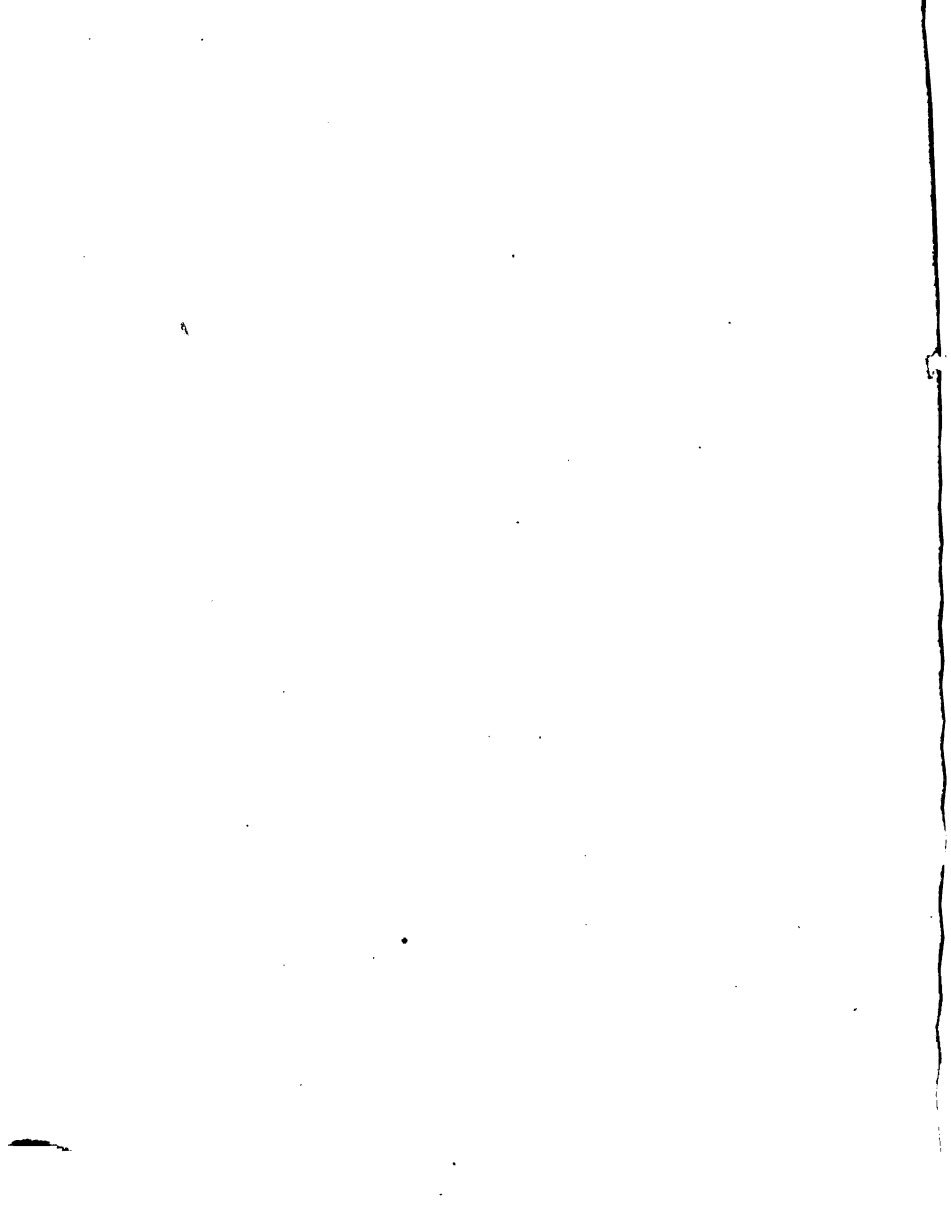
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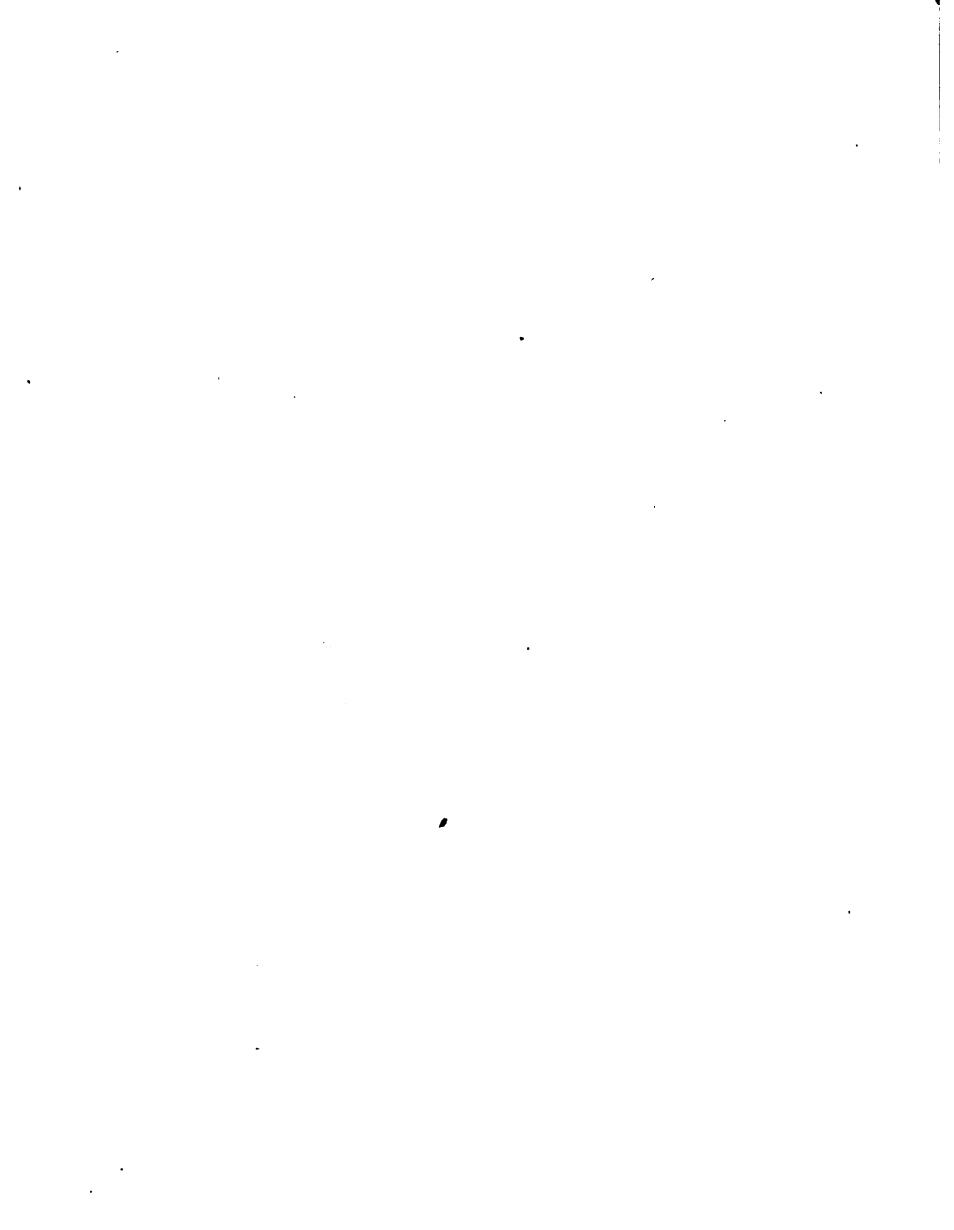


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to supplement his
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FRANCE, THE FRANCE I LOVE

MY TRIBUTE TO FRANCE

FRANCE, THE FRANCE I LOVE

By DU BOIS H. LOUX, Ph. D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY DR. FRANK CRANE

MAPS BY TOWNSEND MAC COUN, A. M.



English, French and Italian Texts



PAULINE L. DIVER

PUBLISHER

NEW YORK, U. S. A.



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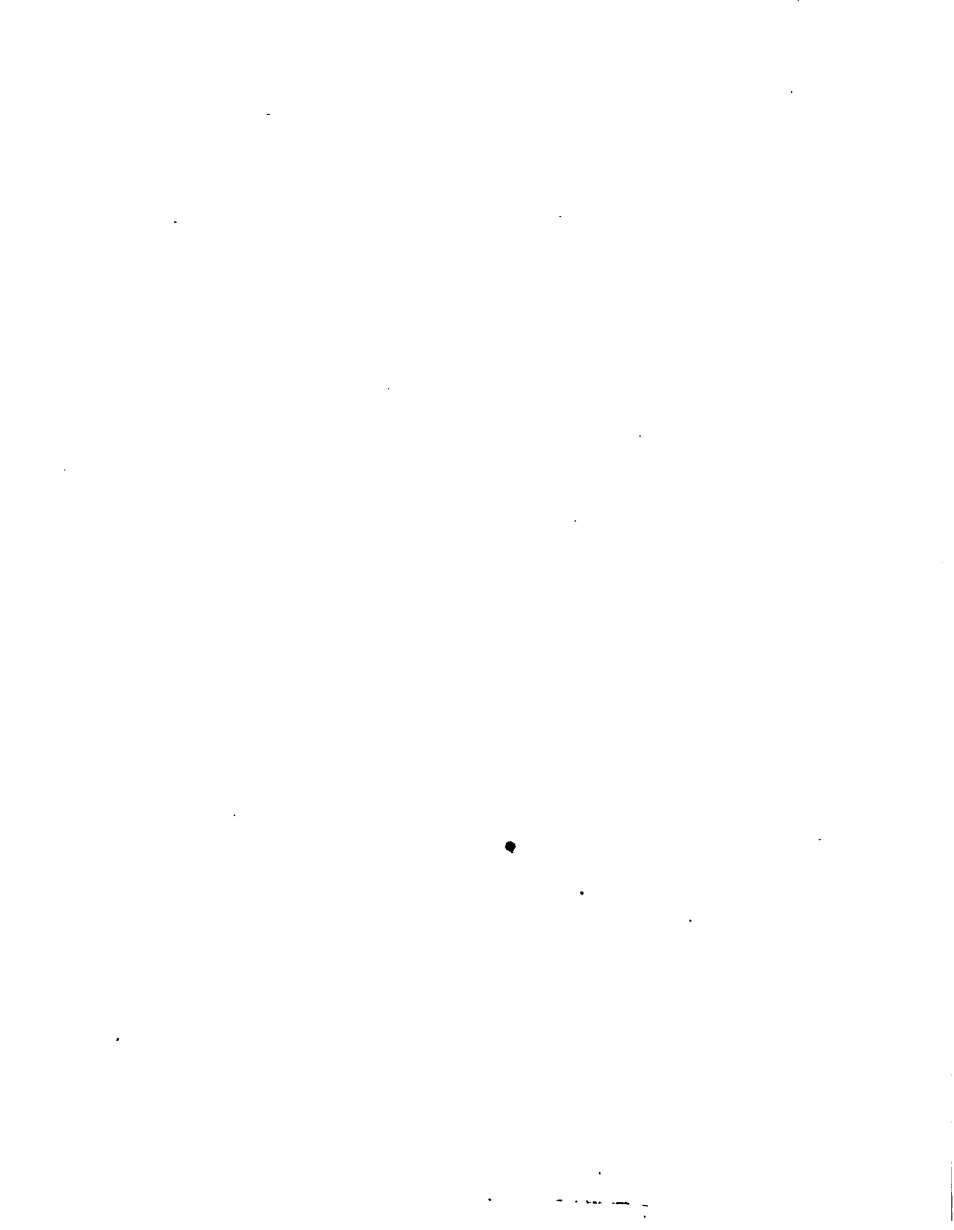
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HUMANITY IN THE EARTH THE CAUSE FOR
WHICH OUR COMMON FATHERS FOUGHT
AND FOR WHICH OUR FATHERS BROTHERS
DAUGHTERS AND SONS NOW FIGHT IN COM
MON TO THE END THAT THE WILL OF GOD
MAY BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN THAT
PART OF THE UNIVERSE TO WHICH WE ARE
WENDING AND WHICH WE CALL HEAVEN



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"MY TRIBUTE TO FRANCE"

BY DU BOIS H. LOUX

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

As *My Tribute to France* goes forth dressed in the tricolor splendor we honor and love, a copy brightens my desk with its fair mingled radiance of red, white and blue. Oh, boys and girls of France, and our own American lads and lassies at the front, too! may the passion of France for that which is noble and enduring be fulfilled in your lives. As you are marching on to victory, may the strength and the beauty unfolded in the pages within rest with its charm on you and yours.

Just to record my appreciation of its "mob" spirit, let me here put in a letter that came to me about the book before it reached its cover.

Miss Pauline L. Diver,
The Martinique,
New York.

Dear "Major P. L. D.:"

You've got to listen to this—your book is immense! It's the finest little thing from cover to cover that ever was! The one best bet—just like the "Major P. L. D.!" You'll never escape the boys' letters now. It's a private secretary for YOU! How could you do it? It's like you

from end to end—but how? Why, “Major,” there’s a thousand histories, philosophies and novels packed all in one in your pages. How you have divined the Genius of France! The “Blue Devils” will simply “fall for you” after this. They’ll know you are sincere. They’ll see that you understand the heart of La France. Your book touches a city—it appears before one in a line, with its thousand years of struggle for liberty. Your book takes one to the battle-line—by the memories of the Maid of Orleans, how the scene is portrayed and understood! Your book outlines the literature of France—we see at once its genius, its secrets, its passion. Your book—and you let me read only the manuscript and see the cover in the “dummy”—is at once the most generous and the daintiest, the simplest and the grandest, the most easy to read and the most profound, of any of the books I know about. You’ve plunged right in, in the book, and have held your sword in hand, as Victor Hugo says Napoleon held his cannon in his hand—ready to break the way for victory, now on this side and now on that! You are a regular Joan of Arc, à la America, “Major P. D.!” I mean it. The boys will know it. Every fellow will be wanting to get a copy home to his sister or sweetheart, before Thanksgiving. Every girl will be wanting to get a copy over to the Front in France before Hallow E’en. Glad that the book is to be printed in French and Italian too! The soldier boys over there who “parley France” and worship Garibaldi will be tickled to death

with what the book says of them. You surely do tell them what you think of them. They'll never forget you for it. You'll be dubbed Generalissimo Pauline by them! Make up your mind to it. Don't run off and hide yourself. You have thought a thing and done it. You can't climb out of history now. You are part of the War! They will carry you on their shoulders and mob you, if you set foot on their soil. You have comprehended their history, their genius, their patience, their resolve! You have painted their affection, their devotion to liberty, their courage, their sacrifice! You have laid bare to the world the why of the war they are fighting! You have taken all peoples into the sacredness of their cause! You have showed that you are a soldier by nature, though a girl by fate! You have won! Now don't get discouraged about it. You've got to live through your destiny. You were born to seize the flag and lead victory on! You are the personification of your song, The World is Marching on to Victory! The American boys and girls will love you too! You have told them things in your book that make the heart leap! Every one will want to carry the book with him when he goes to France, now and after the war, in the days of reclamation. Every one will want to read the books from which you seize a thunderbolt here, a flash from the sky there, and everywhere the sunshine of hope and high ambition. I don't find any preachments in your book, "Major,"—it's too much of a soldier's book, busy with achievements-at-arms for that

—but, my, you make the heart beat fast at times! And then how soon we are smiling aloud again!

Go, little book, like “our Major,” to gladden every place you touch. Rest on every table in France, in England, in Italy, in America! When you are opened, let no one interrupt the reader you fascinate, till he has poured himself into the contents to your inspiring end.

P. S.—Now pray excuse the seeming lightness of my vein. I am singularly attracted to your book. Its splendid philosophy affects one like champagne. You will discover this effect in many of your friends, I think. The skeptical and weary should come to it to find an elixir of soul. It should be a sure cure for depressed spirits everywhere. It explains the why of the war in the simplest, most intimate terms. Thank you again for giving the book to the world.

IRVIN G. HERMAN,

Attorney-at-Law,

New York, 14th September, year 1918; Pershing
smashing St. Mihiel.

THANK YOU!

The work is published in French. May it be found in all schools, all libraries, all homes of France! It will remind you of the love that was born for you, when I

could not come to your shores, and so longed to send this book as my substitute. An American girl's heart goes with the book. I love you, France, for your long-suffering and valor; for your diligence and science; for your literature and art; for your churches and monuments; for your patriotism and humanity.

I wanted our American youth to have the story of your humanity, with its marvelous revealings. I wanted them to know the fundamental chords of the symphony of Liberty that you have created in the passion of your soul.

And now I shall never be able to express my gratitude to my author, Dr. Du Bois Loux, out of whose scholarship and rare literary ability, the philosophy, the history, the poetry, the political genius of France has found such exquisite expression. You will admit with me, I think, that what we have always had in our hearts to say, runs to meet us, in his words. It is part of Dr. Loux's singular ability, to be able to write as he talks—with the charm as of an intimate friend. But I shall not anticipate the pleasure that lies before you, as you take up his story. This is just to say, that the moment I read his words, I knew that they sounded like my own thoughts for you, and I was glad. That gladness will now flow to you.

I am grateful, too, to Dr. Frank Crane for his Eulogy, which introduces Dr. Loux's story; and to Mr. Townsend MacCoun for his beautiful maps, whose

colors once again illustrate the exquisite splendor that falls on our souls as the places they represent through the thousand years of the struggle of France for her liberties, are identified and interpreted in a line by Dr. Loux.

There is an Italian version of the book too—that they may know what we think of you in Florence, Venice, Naples and Rome.

May you have as much pleasure as I in the book, and may no dream be too good to come true to France!

Pauline F. Dixon.

Publisher.

New York, September 19, 1918.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FRANCE

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

France is perhaps the most significant nation in the world.

We little realize her tremendous meaning in history.

She is the center of Democracy in Europe.

Right in the nest of kings, right amidst the toughest and bloodiest traditions of Autocracy, she has stood erect for over a hundred years, proclaiming the inalienable rights of man. It was in keeping with the fitness of things that Germany should attack her, for she stands for everything that Germany would trample under feet. Hers are the highest ideals of honor, the keenest sense of sportsmanship, the finest qualities of mercy and gentleness and all the things that lend brilliancy and dignity to the human soul.

Superficial observers before this war thought that she was going down the purple paths of dalliance to disintegration. They little knew the depths of her resources. She has rallied magnificently.

She flew at the throat of the attacking Prussian wolf with all the heedless courage of a thoroughbred hound. Hers will always be the central position in this great war.

The other nations of the world are glad and proud to be her allies.

Every man has two countries: his own and France.

From now on forever the plains of Picardy will be the high point of the world's pilgrimage, and unborn generations shall visit there and tell to one another the glorious deeds of France, and of how the whole world rushed to her defense.

Our feeling toward France is more than appreciation, more than admiration: it is an abiding passion.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The present volume by no means exhausts the purpose of Pauline L. Diver concerning France. It is the first of a series of companion volumes, each of which is designed to be a unique memoir of her affection for the French people. The series will be printed in the English, French and Italian languages.

The second volume of this series is now in preparation. A number of beautifully colored maps, each map the last word of the House of Poates, map-engravers, and of Townsend MacCoun's art, as a map-designer, geographer and historian, will enrich that volume. In that place, I shall endeavor to give the reader an intimate picture of home-life in France. The many-sided features of this life, with the charming customs and social instincts of the people, will be there presented.

The third volume will be devoted to the heroisms of the present war and will be illustrated with forty maps of the battle-fronts.

The fourth volume of the series, illustrated with rare old prints which I have gathered from the book-shops, will present the outstanding features of the political history of France.

In a fifth volume, again illumined with old prints, my *Paris by Night and by Day* will be given to the reader.

In a sixth volume, the *France of Victor Hugo* will be the theme, profusely illustrated. In its material, which I have had in preparation for a dozen years, it will convey to the reader many of the reader's own thoughts, I fancy, in the philosophy of life. I can never break from the thought, that always my reader is a philosopher, and so this book will take us through delightful fields together.

These books, I may say, are the results of studies which Miss Diver and myself have made together. It is my faith that the reader will feel drawn within the circle of these studies, and so our mutual interests in the people at home and in the allied world may be deepened and widened.

Of France, may I not hope the reader will say, as he closes the present volume:—

FRANCE, THE FRANCE I LOVE

I.

France, the France I love, is smiling,
While her myriad guns are bombing;
Something in her soul's beguiling
Peace, while Mars' vast force is drumming.
What is this
Wondrous bliss
Cheering thus wounded France?
Bullets fly,
Tell me why
France's eyes with peace may dance?

II.

Flaming eyes, indeed, my France is
Casting on the brutal cowards;
Flaming swords with crimson glances
Tell a tale that Fury forwards.
Why is peace,
Joyous peace,
Come to France—weak and strong,
High and low,
All aglow,
Mingling vengeance thus with song?

III.

Avenging France?—is Europe's Defender;
Peaceful France?—is Europe's Rainbow;
"Utter force?"—for the Pretender;
Joy?—yes;—Germany's last vain-blow!
Joy and peace,
Threats shall cease;—
Never more Teuton scare!
Peace and joy
Past alloy;—
Glorious freedom everywhere!

IV.

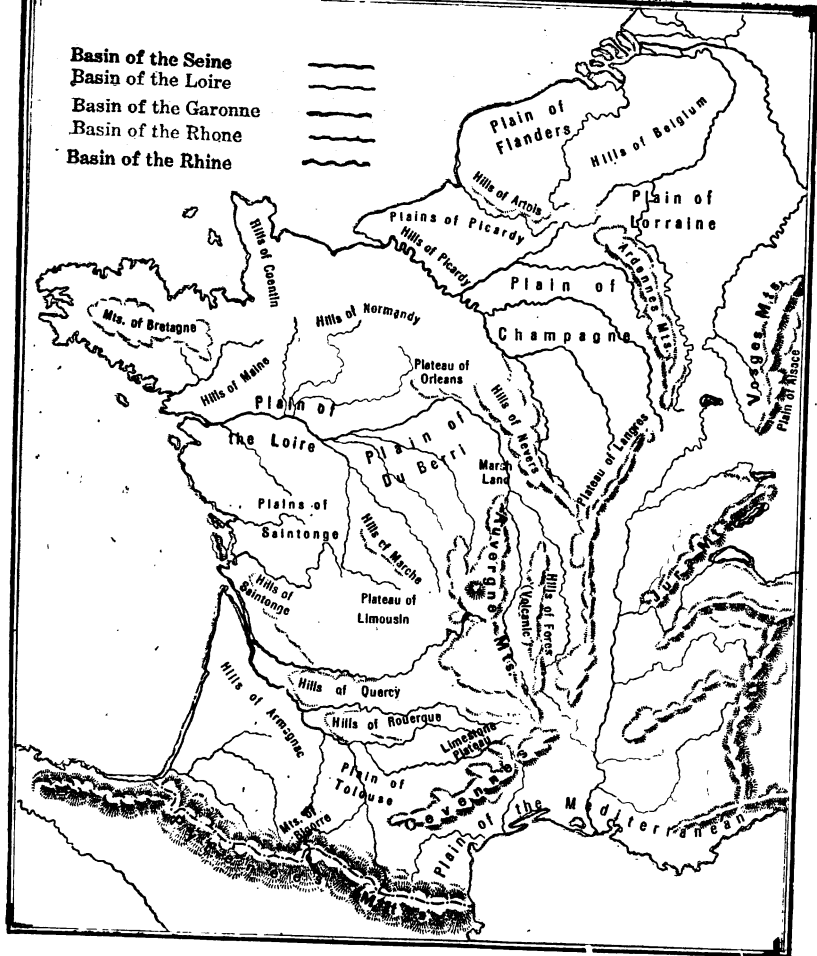
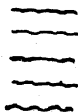
Come with me to view the Nation
Passing through her bitter trials;
Lovely France, in her creation,
All our present soul beguiles.
We shall glow
As we go,
Step by step, heart with heart,
Finding why,
Spirits high,
France, my France! fulfils her part.

New York, Sept. 20, 1918

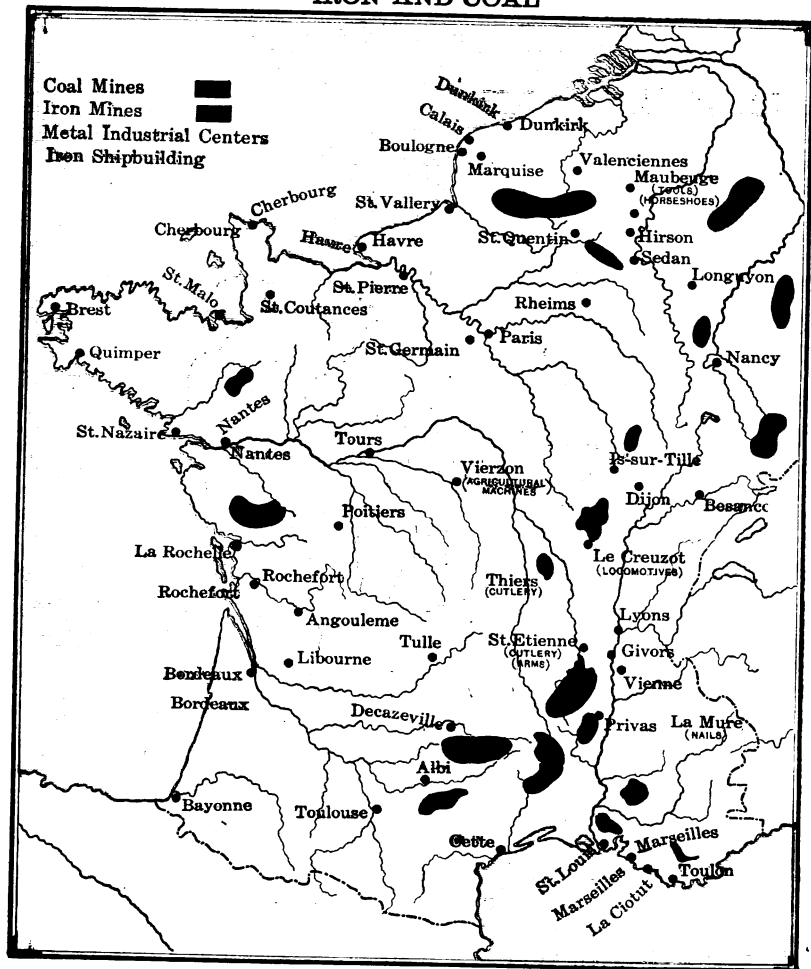
DU BOIS H. LOUX

PHYSICAL MAP

- Basin of the Seine
- Basin of the Loire
- Basin of the Garonne
- Basin of the Rhone
- Basin of the Rhine

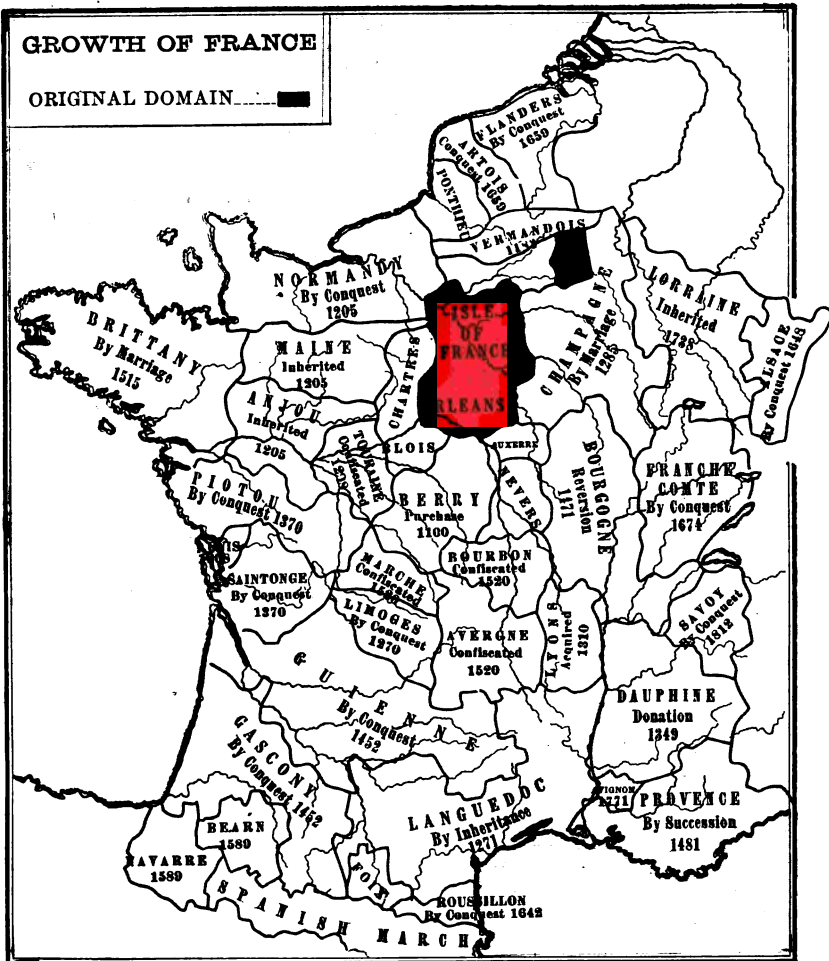


IRON AND COAL



GROWTH OF FRANCE

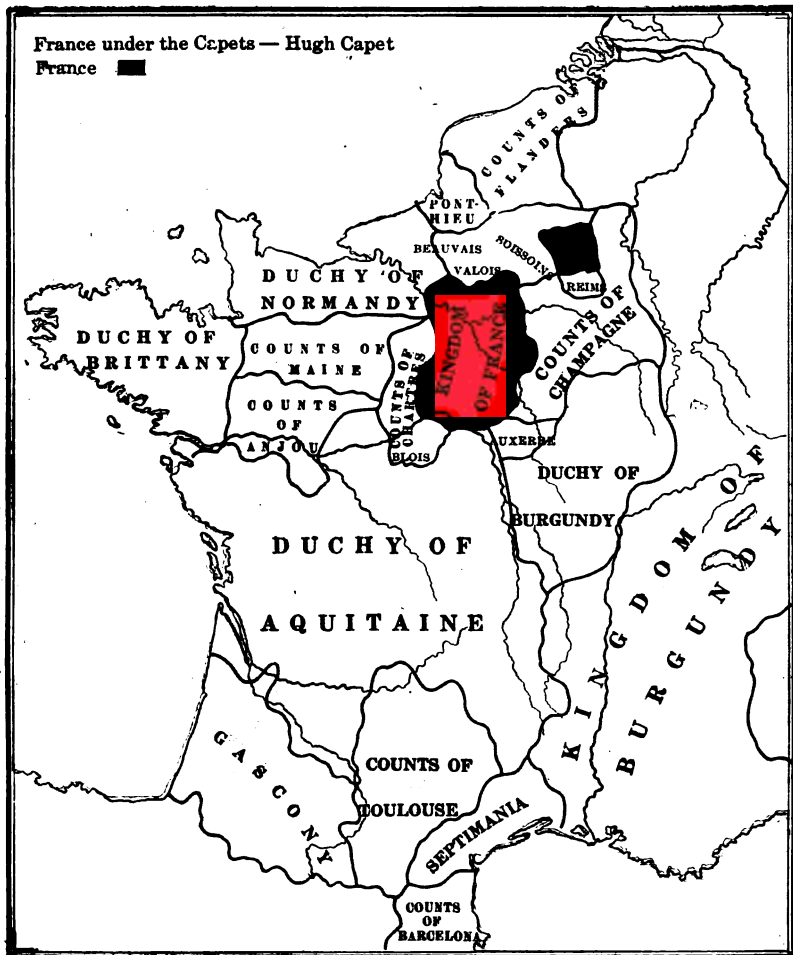
ORIGINAL DOMAIN



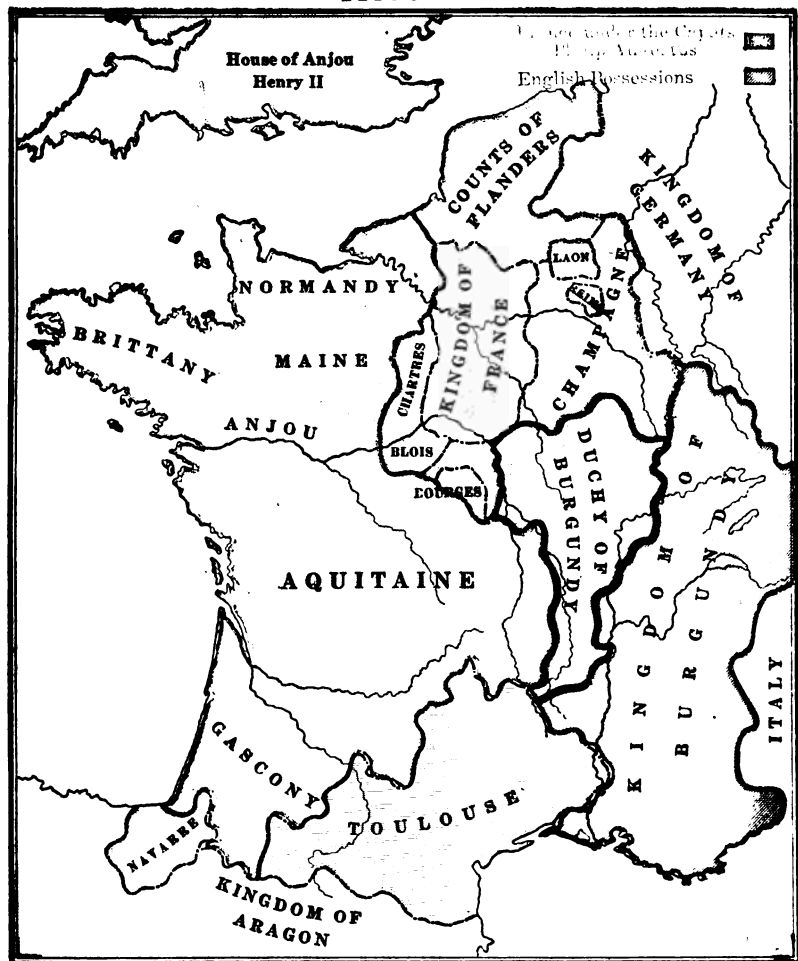
1000 A.D.

France under the Capets — Hugh Capet

France ■



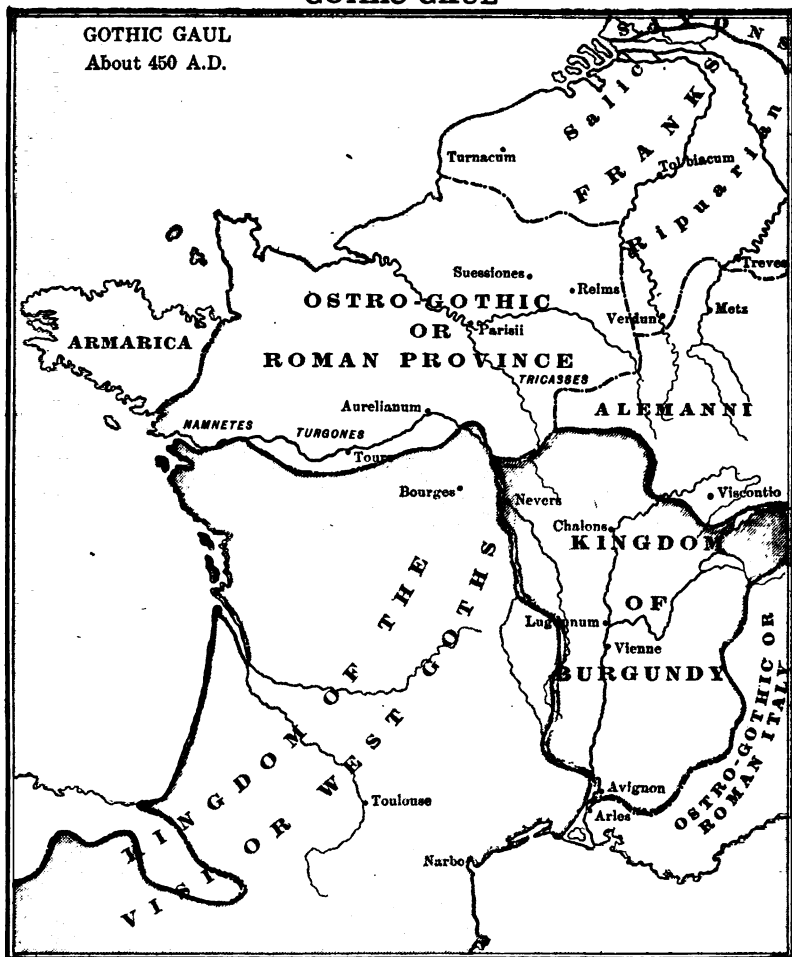
1180 A.D.



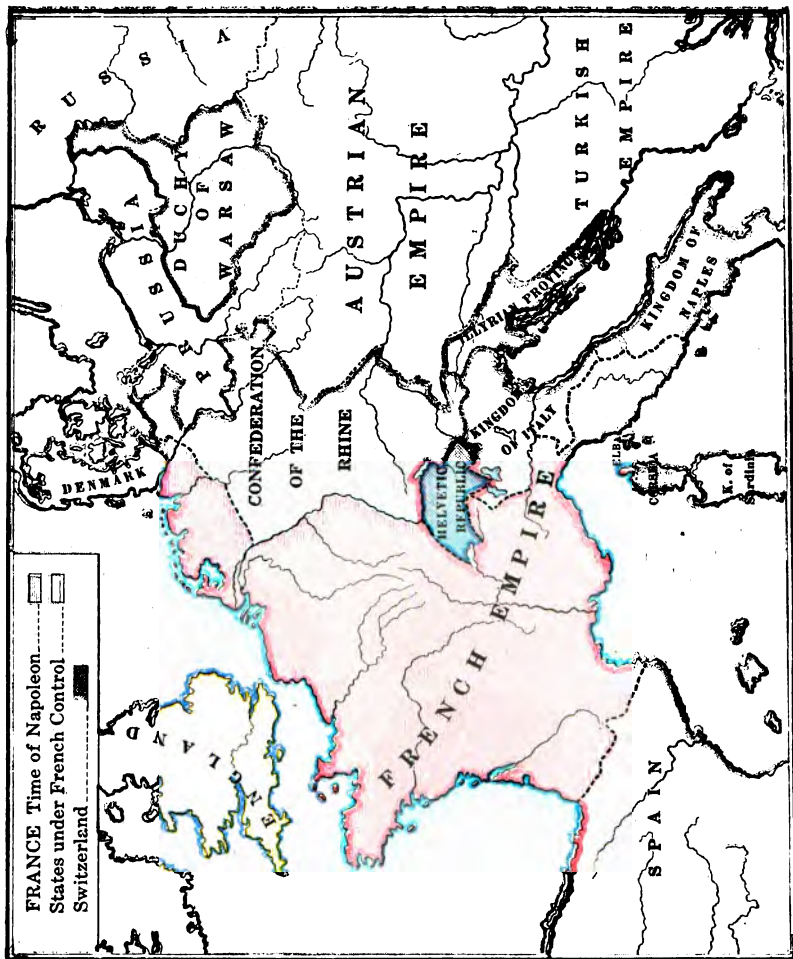
GOTHIC GAUL

GOTHIC GAUL

About 450 A.D.



EUROPE 1812 A.D.



My Tribute to France

The Valley of the Makers-of-Liberty.

I.

The Yankees, who Saint Mihiel choose,
Reclaim, with France, her far-famed Meuse.

The First American Army in France, in company with French units, triumphantly struck St. Mihiel, on the Meuse, September 12th, 1918.

A chosen place among the makers-of-liberty for the free peoples of Europe fell at once to the Yankees. The Meuse is the river of heroic achievements in the cause of freedom.

On the Meuse, at its mouth, near Briel, an hour out from Rotterdam, the Dutch, in 1572, struck their first successful blow against the Spanish invaders.

By the Treaty of Verdun, on the Meuse, three and twenty miles from St. Mihiel, in 843, France obtained separation from the German aspirants of government. For four years the great fortress of Verdun has successfully breasted the advance of the descendants of the German treaty-makers.

On the Meuse, below Verdun, distant 80 miles from St. Mihiel, Sedan awaits her vindication for the fateful day of the 1st September, 1870. The liberation of St. Mihiel spells the release of Sedan from the toils of the foe.

On the banks of the same Meuse, further in the direction of Rotterdam, 228 miles from Paris, Namur, in Belgium, still overrun by its ruthless conquerors, raises its picturesque, if battle-scarred head, in hope of deliverance. On the Meuse is Liege, a short way on.

South of St. Mihiel, on the Meuse as it narrows toward its source, lies peaceful Vaucouleurs, where Joan of Arc first made known her mission to the Sire of Baudricourt, and besought him to send her to the French court. Here a national monument rises in memory of the immortal Maid. In this place we are in the region of Toul, whose fortress is now also defended by the American Army. Toul is one of the most ancient towns of Lorraine, and was early subjugated by the Romans. Its bishopric was founded as early as 350 by the Irish monk St Mansuy. Twenty miles from Toul lies Nancy.

Still on the Meuse, where the Mouzon empties in, 202 miles from Paris rests lovely Neufchateau, in whose square the bronze statue to Joan of Arc by Pètre was erected in 1857.

Down the Meuse, a short trip from Neufchateau, and as beautiful as it is exhilarating to travel, is Domremy-la-Pucelle, the birthplace of Joan of Arc.



JOAN OF ARC—Smeeton et Tilly.

Just on the banks of the stream, with its garden so beloved of Jeanne, stands the humble cottage in which the Maid was born.

Over the arched door of the cottage are the royal arms of France and those assigned to Joan and her family.

Above is a niche containing a kneeling figure of the heroine.

On the side of the cottage where the roof slopes down toward the Church in which Jeanne worshipped, is the tiny room she called her own. Possibly the altar of the Church was visible from her window; in any event the music of the sanctuary ever floated in on the child.

In the garden in front is a group by Mercié, representing Jeanne quitting the paternal roof led by the Genius of France.

The valley of the Meuse, where Jeanne played as a child, is low-lying and grassy, with the round wooded hills bounding it upwards.

At the foot of one of these hills, ten minutes away from the cottage is the clear crystal spring, whose sweet waters are hidden in clumps of pretty, if thorny, bushes. Near the spring was the old, old beech tree, in whose spreading branches Jeanne loved to intertwine the precious garlands of flowers picked from the meadows by her hands.

Elsewhere are gardens, sweet and companionable to walk in.

The air breathes with divine associations.



JOAN OF ARC—Eyles.

There Jeanne climbed the hills; there she played in the grass; there is the Church, the Bible and the saints, with their mystery and legends.

Here the holy ardor first fell on Jeanne's soul.

Here, in her reserved dreamy way, never disobedient, not always understood, not awkward, never idle, liking work for work's sake, as is characteristic of the French people, Jeanne, the embodiment of sympathy, running from spinning to take care of some sick one in the village, possessed her great secret.

How early she could not tell, her heart, she felt, was beating in unison with the Realm of France.

That was her secret.

The Genius of France even in her childhood was leading her.

This early love of country came naturally. Soldiers, coming and going, were always passing and repassing through the village of Domremy.

Domremy was on the direct route from the Paris side of France to the Duchy of Lorraine.

From the soldiers' talk Jeanne learned of the need of the Realm. Her Realm, she learned, was in bondage.

The sighing of the woods told the story again and again to the opening mind of the child. The flowers took counsel with her, as she weaved them into the garlands which she hung in the beech tree, or carried to the sick. The land had no leader, they told her.

And in God is victory, the songs breathed to her in the Church.

She kept her flock of sheep on the border of the forest up the hill, whence the Meuse drew some of its waters. And while with her lambs, the shepherdess began to hear the Voice calling her. It was the story of Moses and the burning bush over again.

The Masses sung at the Church inspired her the more.

"I must go to fight to regain the Kingdom of France," all things whispered everywhere.

Jeanne reposed absolute faith in her Voice.

To her it was the message of God.

She developed rapidly now ; her prayers were constant : she chafed at delays.

At length she gained audience with the authorities of France.

"I am come and am sent to you from God," she said.

"Child, what do you mean?"

"I was keeping my flock. A Voice called me."

"What did the voice say?"

"God is full of pity for the people of France."

"And—?"

"'Have no fear,' the Voice said."

"Have no what?"

"In the name of God the men shall fight, and God will give the victory."

"Why are you here?"

"I have come from the Kingdom of Heaven."

Poor little child!

But Orleans was besieged. The country was desolate. Jeanne was there. Her Voice would be heard.

"I have come from the King of Heaven to raise the siege," she persisted.

"Do you believe in God?" men asked.

"Indeed, yes." "I come in God's name."

They drank in her faith; her face was sublime with its exaltation; what is fairer and holier than a child's face—a young woman's face—in whose heart is a sense of holy destiny?

The sense of her destiny was incontrovertible. It shone in her eyes, swayed with her young body, was carried in her quiet gestures, conveyed itself in her repose.

This young person, before her peers, was unshakable in her faith.

There was a sword behind the altar of a certain Church; give her that sword; she would lead the army on.

One interview here, another one there, advanced the Maid in France.

The Duke of Lorraine sent for the child to heal him in his sickness. She was heard in Vaucouleurs; she was heard beyond.

Men marveled at her grace, wondered at her wisdom and counsel, were astonished at her military ardor.



• JOAN OF ARC—Staal.

"In God's name you keep me here overlong. France shall be saved!"

"Do not follow your purpose, the way is long and beset with grievous dangers; the enemies of France are near."

"I fear them not."

"God will guide me."

"To do my work was I born."

This unabated faith in destiny could not be spurned.

Jëanne was heard. She acquired the sword.

Now they sang round her banner, *Veni Creatur Spiritus*. On to the suburbs of Paris, to St. Denis, she wore the sword from the Altar, with the five crosses on its blade.

She was chaste and beautiful and courageous.

She rode on her charger in front of the battle.

She was feared, she was hated, she was loved.

Her saints were tangible and' radiant and filled her heart as she battled, and greatly encompassed her progress.

She said so. Whatever she meant, men discovered, at least, that she meant to win victories.

He is the true leader who means victory, we shall find Napoleon saying later.

"Go on, Daughter of God," said her Voice, "go on, go on; I will be thine aid."

The Maid of Orleans brought victory to the arms of France.



STATUE OF LIBERTY AT NIGHT—N. Y. World.

But it was an early age. She was a frail thing. The enemies of France were powerful. War has its vicissitudes. France must be defeated. The Maid of Orleans must be captured. Judgment must be passed on La Pucelle to the death.

It was brought to pass.

The flames were lighted.

The Genius of France—or personify it what you will—led her completely to fulfil her destiny.

She had done what she could to restore liberty.

Since her time, France has defined liberty:—it is the sentiment which opens the door to the brave, clearly to fulfil all destiny.

By this is meant, for us at this time, the mystery of the outpouring of stanch young lives, to beat back the foe that still threatens France.

On the banks of the Meuse, not far from the cottage where Joan of Arc was born, sons of America, today, are laying down their lives willingly, that liberty may not perish in the earth. The First American Army is striking at St. Mihiel, down the Meuse from Domremy. France, in the twentieth, as in the fifteenth century, feels that the miracle has happened.

Even if only in memory of the men who fell at St. Mihiel on the 12th of September, 1918, shall we not do well to begin our *Tribute to France*, with the picture of Joan of Arc first on her knees for France?

Was it not said by one general to another, at Verdun,

when the tide suddenly, almost mysteriously turned in the favor of the arms of France and her Allies, "Somebody must have been praying for us at home?"

II.

American Crusaders of Liberty

The Foe in France, in seeking strife,
Strikes at the roots of human life.

To the Congress of the United States of America in joint session assembled, on the second day of April, 1917, President Woodrow Wilson gave utterance to these sacred words:

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am now taking, and the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has been thus thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war."

In obedience to this advice, and by Act of Congress, the Expeditionary Forces of the United States are now in France.

The words of President Wilson are burning in the breast of every man who is a member of these forces:

"The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs: they cut to the roots of human life."

Everywhere evincing the President's purpose to spare nothing to bring the Invader to terms, the sons of our Republic already have earned the title, "American crusaders for liberty and humanity."

Some of our men have laid down their lives willingly at Amiens to this end:—at Amiens, where Peter the Hermit preached the first crusade. Some of our men have fallen up the blood-stained road of the centuries from Amiens to Arras. Many have fallen at Chateau-Thierry, in the region where the Germans were defeated in 1575.

These have been willing sacrifices for liberty. They have been made before the American Army has been organized as such.

Incidents of valor have come before us, that make us proud of our men. Taking but a single instance, witness the heroism of the battle in Belleau Wood. What zeal there was that the first dead, if possible, should not rest in the hands of the foe! How often the incident now narrated in verse, and but little

altered from the facts as told in the despatches, found repetition!

THE SERVICE CROSS IN BELLEAU WOOD

Midday and cool Simpson Spahr,
And out in front was "No Man's Land!"
Up the bomb-swept steep lay Jerry Garr,
Bleeding to death at a foeman's hand!

"Here, sir, I!"—young Spahr cried, when the Major called
For a man to stem the foe's fierce fire!
"I, sir, will bring Garr back!"—And out unappalled,
Thru shot and shell, he crept to the wire!

Midday, and machine guns searched the hand
That was lifted to make a breach
In the web of steel that bounded "No Man's Land,"
And parted Jerry from Simpson's reach!

The wire cut, thru the breach Spahr crept,
And charmed was the life he seemed to bear!—
Closer the enemy aimed, nearer the bullets swept,
Around and over the Yankee pair!

And now, on either side of "No Man's Land,"
'Twas seen that Spahr had reached the spot,
But dared not lift poor Jerry up, nor stand!—
One upright moment, both sides knew, was all the gunners
sought!

Midday, and flat upon his breast,
The hero lay, and loaded Jerry on his back!
Then down across the lurid dipping crest
The burden-bearer crawled, alack!

Down the steep into Belleau Wood,
The dauntless Simpson made his return,
Shielding Jerry as best he could,
Hoping the Major's "well done" to earn!

Midday, and out from the "bourne of Time and Place"
The angels have carried the soul of Garr;
Safe at the Major's feet—simple the grace—
Smiled the swooning hero of the war!

III.

Early Struggle for Freedom in France.

Cities whose freedom dearly was bought,
In the Foe's clutches still are caught.

We may dwell for a moment on the far-flung battle line that greeted the American Army as it landed in France.

It is greatly significant, that of the thousands of municipalities of France, the leading cities of the present battle-line were the first cities to emerge from the bondage of mediæval feudalism.

Very early in the history of France—earlier in France than in England—a certain number of these municipalities, through the association of their inhabitants under oath for the purpose of defense, obtained a special charter of liberties. First of these in the point of time

stands St. Quentin. Before 1077 she was in possession of her charter. Next in order, before 1099, came Beauvais with her charter. Then followed Noyon, in 1108; Amiens, 1113; Soissons, 1126.

Considering the fact that, at the time of the French Revolution, in 1789, there were 43,915 municipalities in France, we have reason to be moved with gratitude that our first call of service has brought us within the theatre of the earliest of the achievements of France in her progress toward liberty. America has been privileged to help stem the tide of oppression at the gates of the cities whence freedom has sprung.

Has not the farewell blessing of Lafayette on America, for whose freedom he hesitated not to offer his life and services, once again descended on us, and at a time when the land of Lafayette, and it most valued of cities, offer most appropriate opportunities for us to return the devotion of Lafayette in kind?

How his words now thrill us with their newer, grander significance! "Unbounded wishes to America! May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, and an example to the oppressed, and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind!"

American soldiers! how befitting that you should have opened your campaign in France, by the side of her sons, in the region of cities that first emerged from the yoke of oppression in the land of Lafayette! After eight hundred years of the struggle of France against

tyranny and barbarism—a struggle that has threatened and now threatens her most vital parts—you are the expeditionary forces of the United States on 'ground that has been hallowed with the blood of the brothers of Lafayette! Yours is the glory of the defense of the soil where Republicanism was first in the making!

IV.

Defending the "Motherly Land."

All are defending the motherly land,
Inspiring, 'tis, magnificent, grand!

It is the miracle! exclaims Victor Giraud.

"Catholics, Freethinkers, Israelites, Protestants, believers in every type of philosophy or religion, noble and peasant, the business man and workingman, all groups of society, united, melted into one, lifted up and carried away, inspired by the same impulse. One feeling and one alone sway the mind. All prejudice, all bias swept away forever by the hurricane from the East. The spirit of grace breathed, fervent patriots awoke. All instinctively, without any abstract theories, set out for the defense of France, the sweet motherly land."

How calm the narration, in face of the miracle!

At the end of eight hundred years of the freedom of St. Quentin and Noyon and Soissons it is so!

The boys of all the world are marching on to victory in the "sweet motherly land!"

With every ship that sails a tribute is borne to the motherly land.

The wheels of industry from sea to sea are turning by night and by day for the triumph of victory in the motherly land.

All employment in the allied world is branded non-essential that is not dedicated to the bleeding motherly land.

V.

How Long the Struggle?

"It won't be long, but as long as needs be;"

"We'll do this work well," the soldiers agree.

And what of the streaming columns of the sons of France that pour into Noyon and Soissons with their faces toward St. Quentin and Laon, and the Rhine beyond?

Emile Faguet photographs the picture:

"Trains are passing by loaded with soldiers who are

going back to their regiments. Too many in my opinion are singing and shouting aloud. But many of them are quiet and determined, very simple in manner, with a look of decision in their eyes. In short, they are full of confidence themselves, and inspire it in others. You feel that they are ready for anything and afraid of nothing. Lord, in their coarse linen tunics and their twilled trousers, Lord, how handsome they are! Their speech is not confused or boastful: 'It won't be long, but in any case as long as needs be.' 'When each one is sure of all the others, it is all right.' French good sense and French courage are in each one of their words. Brave fellows!"

The train moves. It is *La Marseillaise* that is caught up from coach to platform. How they sing!

VI.

La Marseillaise.

Oh victory song, oh song of songs!
Oh song that in my soul belongs!

Incomparable song! Song that searches our innermost selves, whether we hear it on the vibrant lips of the sons of France in the land of its birth, or in distant climes!

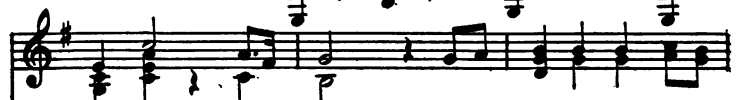
LA MARSEILLAISE

By Rouget de L'isle

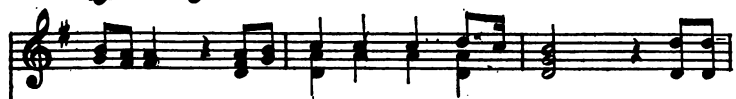
Harmonized by
Elsa Lachenbruch



Allons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e, Le jour de
Amour sa-cr   de la pa - tri - e Conduis, sou-
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark, what



gloire est arri - v  . Contre nous de la tyran-
tiens nos bras vengeurs; Li-ber - t  , Li-ber - t   ch  -
my-riads bid you rise! Your children, wives and grandstires



ni - e L'  ten-dard sanglant est le - v  . L'  ten-
ri - e, Combats-a-vec tes d   - fen-seurs! Com-
ho-a-ry! Behold their tears and hear their cries, Be -





dard sang-lant est le - ve. Entendez-vous dans les cam-
bats a-vec tes dé-fen-seurs! Sous nos drapeaux que la Vic-
hold their tears and their cries! Shall hateful tyrants, mischief



pagnes Mu - gir ces fé-ro-ces sol dats? Ils
toire Accoure à tes ma-les ac-cents! Quo
breeding, With hi - reling hosts, a ruffian band, Af -



viennent jusque dans nos bras, Egor-ger nos fils, nos compagnes!
tes en-nemis ex-pl-rants Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding!



Chorus

Aux ar - mes, ci toy ens! for - mez vos battail-
To arms, ~~for~~ arms ye brave! The He - ro's sword uns

lons! Mar - chons, mar - chons!
- sheath! March on, March on,

Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - vs nos sil-lons!
All hearts re-solved, on Vic - to-ry or death!

Small wonder, it is Heine, who writes in 1830, on hearing the strains of the original song from his window:

"A strange joy seizes me, as I sit writing! music resounded under my window, and in the elegaic rage of its large melody I recognized that hymn with which the handsome Barbaroux and his companions once greeted the city of Paris. What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me the glowing star of enthusiasm and the swift rocket of desire. Swelling, burning torrents of song rush from the heights of freedom. I can write no more, this song intoxicates my brain."

Small wonder that the song is considered the most soul-stirring of all national airs, and is perhaps most often sung.

It is the wild pulse-stirring, revolutionary song of 1792.

It was written one winter night by a young artillery officer at Strasburg. The song quickly spread from Strasburg to Alsace, where the melody was caught by the Marseilles troops then on their way to Paris. It created an immediate and tremendous furore in the French capital, and soon the refrain was sung all over the country.

When, since its writing, has the song abated its thrill?



LAFAYETTE—Ethiou.

In what crisis of her history, has France wanted its words on the lips of her sons?

Now it is sung when young Gambetta changes overnight the destiny of France.

Now it is caught up and carried through the darkness, until daybreak, from one end of Paris to the other, as some *prima donna* at the Opera, draped, it may be, as a priestess, in white and gold, has waved the tricolor aloft and recited the words.

Even now it is echoing through the streets of America, calling on her youth to be no slackers in the cause of freedom.

La Marseillaise—words and music—we love and are thrilled by it.

VII.

The Contribution of France to Civilization.

Come hear Guizot, and know the story,
Of which *La Marseillaise* is the resonant glory.

La Marseillaise, it has been said, is the revolutionary song of 1792. To place it in the setting of the Revolution, we must pause to read the meaning of history with François Guizot. And before we hear Guizot we should see the figure of this foremost historian as he

treads the Sorbonne. The picture is at the hand of the English writer Captain Gronow, of Waterloo fame. He writes:

"M. Guizot, when he commenced his lectures on public history at the Sorbonne, appeared like a luminous meteor on the political horizon. The expression of his views on ancient literature, the energy and dignity with which he explained to his admiring audience the philosophy and the religion of Rome and Greece, his ironical comparison of the present claimants to renown, were listened to with an enthusiasm which proved how thoroughly they were understood, and how fully they were appreciated. It was a sight which can never be effaced from memory, when the crowded hall was filled with impatient students awaiting the presence of their much beloved professor, who with difficulty threaded his way, amid immense applause, with a slow and solemn step, to the chair of the professor. He poured forth, at first slowly, in a continued flow of elegant language, eulogisms upon the great writers in his language, and then, with an impetuosity that seemed to convey an electric impetus around, his face, at first sombre and inexpressive, lighted up with supernatural animation; and as he gazed around, he inspired each of his auditors with the conviction that he was listening to a being of a superior order."

Having the man in our perspective, let us approach his mind. He writes in his *History of Civilization*—

that book which holds the historical student spell-bound from cover to cover:

"Take all the facts of which the history of a nation is composed, all the facts which we are accustomed to consider as the elements of its existence—take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, the various details of its government; and if you would form some idea of them as a whole, if you would see their various bearings on each other, if you would appreciate their value, if you would pass a judgment upon them, what is it you desire to know? Why, what they have done to forward the progress of civilization—what part they have acted in this great drama—what influence they have exercised in aiding its advance. It is not only by this that we form a general opinion of these facts, but it is by this that we try them, that we estimate their true value. They are, as it were, the rivers of whom we ask how much water they have carried to the ocean. Civilization is, as it were, the grand emporium of a people, in which all its wealth—all the elements of life—all the powers of its existence are stored up."

"It seems to me that the first idea comprised in the word civilization is the notion of progress, of development. It calls up within us the notion of a people advancing, of a people in a course of improvement and melioration.

"Now what is this progress? What is this development? The first notion which strikes us is the progress

of society; the melioration of the social state; the carrying to higher perfections the relations between man and man. It awakens within us at once the notion of an increased national prosperity, of a greater activity and better organization of the social relations. On one hand there is a manifest increase in the power and well-being of society at large; and on the other a more equitable distribution of this power and this well-being among the individuals of which society is composed."

And now Guizot carries us backward through time, that we may sweep forward with new momentum. We shall strike in where his narrative is beginning to account for the struggle of St. Quentin, Soissons, Amiens, and Noyon, of the far-spread battle-line. Guizot writes:

"At length, in 376 A. D., the Huns, entering Europe from northern Asia, subdued or drove before them the Sclavonian and Gothic tribes. Then began the struggle for empire. Wave followed wave in the great migration of nations—a movement which continued to roll tumultuously over Europe for more than three centuries after the downfall of the Western Empire."

The Huns and their successors have their day until Charlemagne rises, with his passion for the defense of society. His work is drawn for us at the hand of Guizot in a line:

"It mortified and grieved him to see all within his territory so precarious and unsettled—to see anarchy

and brutality everywhere prevailing,—and it was the first wish of his heart to better this wretched condition of society. In whatever point of view we regard the reign of Charlemagne, we always find its leading characteristic to be the desire to overcome barbarism, and to advance civilization. We see this conspicuously in his foundation of schools, in his collecting of libraries, in his gathering about him the learned of all countries, in the favor he showed towards the influence of the Church, for everything, in a word, which seemed likely to operate beneficially upon society in general, or the individual man.”

After Charlemagne’s death there was no man sincere and strong to hold his empire together. It crumbled for the want of a great mind to direct it. Guizot explains:

“Truth alone has a right to reign in the world; facts have no merit but in proportion as they bear its stamp and assimilate themselves more and more to its image; all true grandeur springs from mind; all expansion belongs to it.

“The first characteristic of political legitimacy is to disclaim violence as the source of authority, and to associate it with a moral notion, a moral force—with the notion of justice, of right, of reason. This is the primary element from which the principle of political legitimacy has sprung forth.”

Out of the chaos that resulted from the littleness of

the petty princes, who fell heir to the remains of Charlemagne's kingdom, a forward movement was started again in the ninth century. Guizot, as always, explains the movement in a sentence:

"Little societies everywhere began to be formed; little states to be cut out according to the measure, if I may say so, of the capacities and prudence of men. These societies gradually became connected by a tie—we have the feudal system oozing at last out of the bosom of barbarism."

That the struggle of these societies toward liberty will be long and fierce is indicated by the great French scholar in a word:—"It was natural enough that the Germanic element should first prevail."

From that moment the conflict. It will entail miseries from which St. Quentin will be the first society whose solemn vow to defend itself from the foe shall win a charter from the crown. From Alfonzo V., in 1020, Laon had government sanction to defend its liberties. And in 1100, across the Channel, London received its charter.

Is the struggle long?

All is well, Guizot reads early on the horizon—"we may look forward pre-assured to the hour when victory will declare itself."

And now, as we are on the eve of the Revolution, once again this French historian will remind us that the human thread in history is its golden thread:

"The history of civilization is the history of the progress of the human race toward realizing the idea of humanity, through the extension and perfection of the social relations, and as affected, advanced, or retarded, by the character of the various political and civil institutions which have existed. I have no hesitation in asserting that this history is the most noble, the most interesting of any, and that it comprehends every other. Civilization is the great fact in which all others merge; in which they all end, in which they are all condensed, in which all others find their importance.

"Let it not, I beseech you, be forgotten—bear in mind, as we proceed with these lectures, that it is in its diversity of elements, and their constant struggle, that the essential character of our civilization consists."

Thus we come down to 1789.

We are ready for Victor Hugo's painting of the Revolution. It is drawn swiftly on the lips of the dying Republican.

VIII.

The French Revolution.

The story of *La Marseillaise* is bloody,
But just the blood is not the study.

"In voting for the Republic," it is given the Republican to say, "I voted for fraternity, concord, the Dawn! I aided in the overthrow of errors and prejudices, and such an overthrow produces light; we hurled down the old world, and that vase of wretchedness, by being poured over the human race, became an urn of joy."

And now the bloodiness poured from the vase of wretchedness is at the end of Patriot's tongue:

"Let us say a few more words. Beyond the Revolution, which, taken in its entity, is an immense human affirmation, '93, alas. You consider it lawless, but what was the whole monarchy? Carrier is a bandit, but what name do you give to Montrevel? Fouquier Tainville is a scoundrel, but what is your opinion about Lamoignon-Baville? Maillard is frightful, but what of Saulx-Tavennes, if you please? Jourdan Coupe-Tete is a monster, but less so than the Marquis de Louvois. I pity Marie Antoinette, Archduchess and Queen, but I also pity the poor woman, who, in 1685, while suckling her child, was fastened, naked to the waist, to a stake,

while her infant was held at a distance. What do you say of this punishment of Tantalus adapted to a woman? Remember this carefully, sir, the French Revolution had its reasons, and its wrath will be absolved by the future. Its result is a better world; and a caress for the human race issues from its most terrible blows. The brutalities of progress are called revolutions, but when they are ended, this fact is recognized; that the human race has been chastened, but it has moved onwards."

But this dying Republican—what part did he play in events?—what does he say now of what he did in the hey-day of his blood, when passion ran riot in Paris?

Victor Hugo gives him his words:

"My country summoned me. I obeyed. There were abuses, and I combated them; tyranny, and I destroyed it; rights and principles, and I proclaimed and confessed them; the territory was invaded, and I defended it; France was menaced, and I offered her my chest; I was not rich, and I am poor. I succored the oppressed I relieved suffering. I did my duty according to my strength, and what good I could. I ever supported the onward march of the human race towards light."

IX.

The Volcano Awaits Napoleon.

L' ORCHESTRE

(Lachambeaudie)

Cynic and Optimist one day
Discussed their systems grave and gay.
"Good friend," quoth Pessimist, "you see,
Your Golden Age can never be.
Each mortal holds his special creed.
When did you find ev'n two agreed?
We all are brethren, I admit,
Yet somehow nothing comes of it."

Just as friend Optimist began
Describing his Utopian plan,
A bill upon a door hard by,
Headed, 'Grand Concert,' met his eye.
They took their tickets, entered in.
Was ever such discordant din?
Each instrument, both great and small,
Musicians tune them, one and all.

Cried Pessimist, "What parallel
My theories sets forth so well?
Such din and turmoil, to my mind,
Depict the state of humankind!"
A moment later, at a sign,
Discord is harmony divine.
No note is lost till strong and full
The thousands make a glorious whole.

Said Optimist, triumphant now,
"Good friend, thus much you must allow,
If no two men e'er thought as one,
A man can move in unison.
When each has found his proper sphere,
As hath each trained musician here,
Life and society will be
One vast concerted harmony."

Always France has endured as seeing the Invisible. "Long live Liberty!" was the cry of 1789, when as yet Liberty was not. "Unhappy France!" cries the historian of the Revolution. "Smiling Liberty!" cry the men of 1789 who are bringing it in.

France has kept her eyes on the smiling face of Liberty. The final good that will flow for the world out of her Revolution, she believes, will be as illimitable as her heart is illimitable.

Crimes, excesses, destructive ideas, abominations? Yes; the great Revolution was attended with these. But with lofty ideals as well. And with lofty deeds. Whence stream the grandest memories of the people of France? From the Revolution. Whence does she claim her proudest patrimony? Ask why she celebrates the 14th July.

The Revolution of 1789 was the work of the French Nation.

It was the people abolishing Feudalism.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—Jean Baptiste.

Peasant and noble alike joined hands for human emancipation.

The atrocities committed? It is the thought of Louis Madelin, that this appalling ferocity, with its hideous, even bestial passion marked the rise of a better nature from the depths of men's hearts. The people were finding themselves in their own bloodshed.

To Madelin there was always one at hand who was able to repress the reign of Terror: Napoleon Bonaparte!

In his work on the French Revolution he comes to the following sublime paragraph of the people finding themselves through Napoleon:

"The volcano had cast up its lava. Laden with precious metals and hideous scoria this had rolled down the mountain sides, and slowly it had cooled. But a short while since it had been laying all things waste: now, transformed into a granite of the most splendid kind, it was to serve as material for the construction of a new commonwealth. The French Empire (and the modern régime for a hundred years after it) was built with that mighty stone formed out of the lava Mirabeau let loose in the winter of 1789, the lava which Bonaparte subjugated in the autumn of 1799."

Dropping the figure, the better day for France started in the craving for the military hand of the great General, that it might be laid on the mob to suppress its blind hatred.

"Ah! If Bonaparte were only here!"

But Napoleon was in Egypt.

When his presence alone could guarantee to France the fruits of the Revolution of 1789.

France, loving Liberty, has always loved order. This was the meaning of the cry for Bonaparte.

Would Napoleon hear the cry?

Let Madelin tell the story:

"On the 19th Vendémiaire strangely attired messengers of the Directory made their appearance at the Palais-Bourbon. What was their news? There was a moment of wild delight. *Long live the Republic!* Was it true? Was it a dream? In a moment Paris, which had been so listless, Paris, which cared for nothing, not even for victories, Paris, which had been lying senseless and almost dead, was to spring to her feet, quivering with delight, laughing and weeping; men were seen exchanging frantic embraces, rushing hither and thither for news. One name was heard in every direction: Bonaparte! Bonaparte! Bonaparte had landed! Yes, he was there!"

X.

The Genius of Napoleon; Great Maxims of War.

This Napoleon's glory proves—
"Quick as my thoughts my moves!"

"I think, therefore I am," the world-moving French philosopher Descartes has said.

Guizot echoes the thought as a historian.

"If we look a little deeper, we discover that, besides the progress and melioration of social life, another development is comprised in our notion of civilization: namely, the development of the human mind and its faculties.

"It is this development which so strikingly manifests itself in France and Rome in great epochs; it is this expression of human intelligence which gives to them so great a degree of superiority in civilization. In these countries the godlike principle which distinguishes man from the brute exhibits itself with peculiar grandeur and power."

Napoleon Bonaparte is never explained until we understand the extraordinary reaching of his mind for knowledge.

"I entered Brienne, and was happy," he writes of that military school in his eleventh year. "My mind was

beginning to work; I was anxious to learn, to know, to get on; I devoured books.”*

That explains Napoleon.

“No good,” they call him, “except at geometry, and dry as a parchment.” He writes it into his diary at fifteen.

The boy Napoleon famished for knowledge! Up at four in the morning, living on one meal a day, and six hours sleep at nineteen, and saying, “I have no interests but my work.”

“I have succeeded because my moves have been as quick as my thoughts,” is his last testimony.

Plus the factor of chance, he was always saying, “the art of war is a calculation with close odds.”

Chance—for all his fascination for “dream-books”—Napoleon could never calculate; it remained to him the “sealed mystery.”

His military maxims justify his own confession of the quickness of his thought, and what is more, of the persistence of his mind.

“A plan of campaign should anticipate everything which an enemy can do,” he writes, “and contain the means of baffling him.”

“A general should say to himself many times a day,

*The reader is referred to the excellent *Diary of Napoleon* by R. M. Johnston. *The Corsican*, Boston and New York, 1910.

If the enemy were to make his appearance in front, on my right, on my left, what should I do?"

"Never attack in front a position which admits of being turned."

"Place yourself always in a good position for defense."

"When you intend to engage in a decisive battle, avail yourself of all the chances of success; more especially if you have to do with a great captain."

"When the enemy threatens, menace him with an offensive movement. By this manœuvre you prevent him from detaching a part of his troops and annoying your flanks, in case you should deem a retreat indispensable."

"A good general, good officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, good organization, good instruction, and strict discipline make good troops. Enthusiasm, love of country, and the desire of contributing to the national glory, may also animate young troops with advantage."

"Nothing is more important in war than unity in command."

And this is the justification of the wisdom of Lloyd-George in his contention for a single leader of the allied forces:

"The effect of discussing, making show of talent, and calling councils of war, will be what the effect of these things has been in every age; they will end in the

adoption of the most pusillanimous, or (if the expression be preferred) the most prudent measures, which in war are almost uniformly the worst that can be adopted. True wisdom, so far as a general is concerned, consists in energetic determination."

"There are certain things in war, of which the commander alone comprehends the importance. Nothing but his superior firmness and ability can subdue and surmount all difficulties."

"To open the door to cowards, to men wanting in energy, or even to misguided brave men, is to destroy the military spirit of a nation."

"An extraordinary situation requires extraordinary resolution."

"How many things apparently impossible have nevertheless been performed by resolute men who had no alternative but death!"

"There is but one honorable way of being made a prisoner of war; that is, by being taken separately, and when you can no longer make use of your arms."

"Every general-in-chief who undertakes to execute a plan which he knows to be bad, is culpable."

"Every general-in-chief who, in consequence of orders from his superiors, gives battle with the certainty of defeat, is equally culpable. In the latter case he should refuse to obey."

"A general-in-chief should not suffer himself to be unduly affected by good or bad news."

Every day's impressions should be classified in the general-in-chief's memory.

"To be familiar with the geography and topography of the country; to be skilful in making reconnaissance; to be attentive to the despatch of orders; to be capable of exhibiting with simplicity the most complicated movements of an army;—these are the qualifications that should distinguish the officer called to the station of chief of the staff."

"To reconnoitre rapidly defiles and fords; to obtain guides that can be relied on; to interrogate the clergyman and the postmaster; to establish speedily an understanding with the inhabitants; in short, to answer all the inquiries of the general-in-chief on his arrival with the whole army;—such are the duties which come within the sphere of a good general of an advanced post."

"Commanders-in-chief are to be guided by their own experience or genius. Tactics, evolutions, the science of the engineer and the artillery officer, may be learned from treatises, but generalship is acquired only by experience and the study of the campaigns of all great captains. Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar, have all acted on the same principles."

"To keep your forces united, to be vulnerable at no point, to bear down with rapidity upon important points—these are the principles which insure victory."

"It is by the fear which the reputation of your arms

inspires, that you maintain the fidelity of your allies, and the obedience of conquered nations."

"Read over and over again the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene. Make them your models. This is the only way to become a great general, and to master the secrets of the art of war. Your genius, when enlightened by this study, will induce you to reject such maxims as conflict with the principles of those great commanders."

XI.

The Soldier's Discipline.

'Tis discipline, writes Bonaparte,
On which a General grounds his art

That there can be nothing greatly done without discipline, whatever it costs, is also required to explain Napoleon, and the marvelous aptitude of his army.

It was a first principle with him, that a soldier can keep faith with nothing but his flag. Discipline must be the apex of his faith.

The two things worst to be said of an army, he writes, is, "It has no bread and no discipline."

For the soldiers given to excesses—let them be relieved of duty—let the names of all such be pub-

lished, "that they may incur the contempt of their fellow-citizens." So he addressed his army in Italy, at twenty-six.

"Devotion to right principles, a share in the struggle against the foe both within and without," is an early expression of Napoleon's own passion.

"Soldiers! in fifteen days you have won six victories. But, soldiers! you have really done ~~nothing~~, if an uncompleted task still faces you!" The discipline was to be taken in hand in masterly fashion by every man in the service, acting for himself in this fashion.

The pillage of sacred things was considered a mortal offense against discipline by Napoleon.

"Tomorrow," is his measured and solemn word to his Army of Italy, "some of the men who have rifled a church will be shot. It is a painful thing to have to do, and costs me many a pang."

"Liberate peoples, respect them, repress pillage. Plunderers shall be shot without mercy."

There can be no higher discipline than this; there is no true discipline without this moral tone.

Wellington paid Napoleon this compliment for the spirit of discipline that ran through his army: "The French cavalry are the best in the world."

The meaning of this is translated in action, as Victor Hugo describes the cavalry charge at the Battle of Waterloo. It is the terrible unleashing of the cavalry upon Wellington's columns, when a peasant guide had

misinformed Napoleon of the terrain. The hollow of Ohain, unknown to Napoleon, as to the cavalry, yawned fatally up the road past the line of vision. The charge was given. Instantly the columns were in motion. Victory lay within the grasp of Napoleon. "We have nine chances in a hundred in our favor now," was Napoleon's word to Soult.

But the fatal charge, which Hugo describes!

"It was a fearful moment,—the ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, almost precipitous, beneath the horses' feet, and with a depth of twelve feet between the two sides. The second rank thrust the first into the abyss; the horses reared, fell back, slipped with all four feet in the air, crushing and throwing their riders. There was no means of escaping; the entire column was one huge projectile. The force crushed the French, and the inexorable ravine would not yield until it was filled up. Men and horses rolled into it pell-mell, crushing each other, and making one large charnel-house of the gulf, and when this grave was full of living men the rest passed over them. Nearly one-third of Dubois' brigade rolled into this abyss. This commenced the loss of the battle."

Why this unaccountable slip in Napoleon's direction of the battle? Were there no warnings of a chasm in the road? Yes, the little white chapel close by the Nivelles road. But the guide's assurance that all was well was taken in the place of certainty. "We might

almost say, "is Hugo's comment on the situation, "that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head."

But why? Why could it have happened? Why might it not have been otherwise? Hugo answers the question for the world, raising the main point.

"Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the nineteenth century. It was time for this vast man to fall; his excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group: such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world mounting to one man's brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured. The moment had arrived for the incorruptible supreme equity to reflect, and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral order as of the material order complained. Streaming blood, over-crowded grave-yards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the shadow, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the Universe."

In other words, if we trace our way back to Napoleon's boyhood, we shall find the extent to which his

personal ambition had overreached itself. France had been betrayed for the want of his following the earliest convictions of his own mind and heart.

It had been well for Bonaparte to teach every soldier to say, "I belong to the army of victory!"

It had been well for France for the discipline of her army.

It had served the glory of France for Napoleon to say, "No scientific retreats, but adjutant-generals who have dash and resolve!"

It had been magnificent to follow the young leader in his address to the army: "Soldiers! you have rolled down from the Apennines like a torrent!"

Nothing exceeds the genius of Napoleon in his mental weighing of his great generals: "Masséna: bold, instinctive, active, indefatigable, decisive. Berthier: talented, forceful, courageous—everything. Augereau: strong of character, experienced, courageous, fortunate, liked by the soldiers."

It had been well to repeat, line upon line, and precept to the end, "If attacked, resist stiffly, and hang on!"

"Be on fire to forward the glory of the French people," had been equally in place.

But—

Napoleon, as Cæsar, was human.

In his youth he had written: "My firm resolve is to seek salvation only in the Republic. *Vive la République!* I have sacrificed everything for the Republic."

But he became the Man of Destiny.

Like Cæsar he could not put away the tempting crown.

This meant everything, for it meant the reversion of his genius to common type. He became a dreamer of empty dreams.

Victor Hugo gives a silhouette of the fatality of this aspect of Napoleon's genius.

The scene is Waterloo, the night before the splendid dinner which Napoleon had ordered in Brussels to signalize his certain triumph.

A thunderstorm rages as the super-conqueror goes abroad to feel the tread of the battle-field.

The words are now Hugo's:

"It seemed to him as if destiny had made an appointment with him on a fixed day and was punctual. He stopped his horse, and remained for some time motionless, looking at the lightening and listening to the thunder. The fatalist was heard to cast into the night the mysterious words,—'We are agreed.' Napoleon was mistaken, they were no longer agreed."

"It is a pretty chess board," however, were Napoleon's words at daybreak, when he had seated himself in a peasant's chair before a kitchen table on a carpet of straw, with the map of the battlefield spread before him, Soult standing at his side.

And it was his day of Waterloo!



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—Versailles portrait.

"A man must follow his fate," he had said, long years before, writing in his diary of the fall of Rousseau.

Perhaps.

But it is never necessary.

XII.

Napoleon's Greatness in His Fall.

And when he has fallen low,
Out of his words better empires grow.

The world bows its head with the fall of Napoleon.

We have so much of his boyhood—so many letters of his burning devotion to truth—so many memories of the affection of his soldiers and the adoration of the populace.

"You are on fire to forward the glory of the French people," was his admiration of his army. It was a fire that burned in his own breast.

The world worships the man of courage. It can never be otherwise. And Napoleon possessed the supreme heights of the quality. He dared—even if blindly often, and not always well. He too, worshipped valor.

How he admired the courage of his marshals!

"Berthier, Masséna, Lannes—it is their rush to the front that carries the hesitant fortunes of the day!"

Again, the tinge of melancholy that accompanied his gifted mind draws us to him. Napoleon is but in his teens, when we find him exclaiming: "Solitary always, I am in my room dreaming, and giving full sway to my melancholy. To what lengths will it drive me?"

"Drive!"—it became the soul of his movements. Soon he writes: "It is said that the Roman legions could march twenty-four miles a day; we cover thirty."

Genius at high speed, we say of him. Even his descriptions of his campaigns reflect the characteristic: "My columns are moving; the enemy is retreating; I hope I shall catch him." "The army is on the march; we leap into the boats." And when dying, "Steingel! Desaix! Masséna! Ah, ours is the victory! go, haste, charge—they are ours!"

Chiefly we bow our head over the Exile's wish expressed for his body: "I wish my ashes to rest by the Seine, in the midst of the people of France whom I have loved so dearly."

And there within the crypt, the standards of the nations do not seem out of place, nor our tears, as we weep for the fallen Emperor.

XIII.

The Miracle.

The world the greatness of her soul surprises:
Her heroes fall?—France rises!

We must distinguish between Napoleon and France as we follow the history of her wars. In this we are guided by none so unerringly as by her illustrious writers. Always the wonderful insight of her analysts surprises and delights us. Possibly no recent literary authority has given us greater pleasure in this respect than Victor Giraud whose essays in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* have an inexpressible charm that cannot be translated. His *Civilisation Française*, which appeared in 1917 was awarded the *Prix d'éloquence* by the French Academy. It is dedicated to Pierre Masson, Professor of the University of Freiburg, a lieutenant of the infantry, who fell April 16, 1916, in defense of the soil of Lorraine and French civilization. H. P. Thieme and W. A. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan have rendered a very excellent translation of this essay along with Giraud's essay, *The French Miracle*, which is no whit behind his essay on *French Civilization*, in its literary excellence and its timeliness. Every American should possess a copy of this translation. The heart of France, if not of

a thousand essays of the great writers of France, is expressed in the fortunate and happy contribution of Professor Giraud to French literature.

Following the story of Napoleon, a page from Giraud's *French Civilization* is most appropriate.

"France instinctively, no doubt, since she was the daughter of Gaul, but from necessity, also, has been a great military nation. She has known and practised all kinds of warfare. But it is to be noticed that almost all the wars that France has provoked or sustained were really defensive wars.

"When France practised with some degree of intemperance 'sacred selfishness,' she had difficulty in continuing in that direction. The traditional policy of France has ever been, not to permit any one power to acquire the hegemony of Europe, and thus to bring beneath its despotic yoke the weaker states.

"France was not satisfied with assuring to other peoples the right to existence; with her blood and treasure she helped several nationalities in their efforts to establish themselves. The unification of Italy is her work. What material profit did we gain from our intervention in the American war of Independence and the war of the Greek Independence?

"France, more than any other nation, is capable of abandoning all self-interest, of consecrating herself to the interests of others, and as soon as the great ideals

of justice and humanity are at stake, no one has ever appealed in vain to her generosity."

XIV.

The Place of France in Science, Literature and Art.

To France we come without a doubt
To light the fires that ne'er will out.

No word is excessive in Giraud's foregoing statement. The literature of every nation abounds in the praise of the justice and humanity of the French nation.

If it be in the realm of political economy, we find Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill writing in their praise. If Adam Smith, the reputed founder of political economy is speaking of Turgot, the French statesman and economist of the eighteenth century, his sole criticism is, that Turgot's ideals and devotion are too high. David Hume, the historian, and possibly the real founder of modern political economy, writes the same caution.

If it be the military expert, Captain Gronow of Napoleon's day cannot withhold his admiration for the humanity of France toward her soldiers. Thus he says:

"On entering a French camp you saw as much order

as in the best regulated towns. Streets were formed with squares; places of amusement were planned, and large trenches were dug in every direction, to drain the ground thoroughly. Gendarmes kept strict watch over the soldiers, a fire-brigade was always in readiness, and everything was arranged methodically. The dress of the French soldier was not only loose and comfortable, but easily cleaned, and his knapsack was remarkable for its convenience. A cantiniere was attached to the camp, and supplied both officers and men."

A book could very readily be filled of the world's tributes to France in a thousand particulars that endear her to the family of nations. No writer could more deserve the world's gratitude than he who should take upon himself the compilation of such a book. It should merit the widest sale, and be productive of unlimited good.

There is an endless outpouring stream of *Mémoires*, Journals, Letters, Notes, Essays, Biographies, Histories and Romances—all contributing to the proof of the progress of Humanism in France.

It is her sons who, by their pens, have been most forward in scaling the heights of noble Friendship, without which there can be no Humanity.

"In human tenderness," writes Balzac, "as in Alpine scenery, there is ever a sovereign summit, immaculate, eternal, austere. Below such an altitude lie flowery spots, valleys beautified with changeful seasons, and

these may be compared to the passing joys of love and devotion. But that Jungfrau towering above symbolizes the link, the completion of love. Friendship incapable of change is the aliment of those riches on a lower level, riches all the more precious because they are certain to be renewed. Thus is this love of mine based upon, vivified by the faithful friendship of ten years."

Guizot's word, more general in its bearing, is to the same effect. He writes:

"In the most diverse types of literature, the loftiest masterpieces of French literature are precisely those which have appealed by their human qualities to the tender and grateful admiration of their contemporaries and of posterity. Humanity in every meaning of the word is indeed the characteristic of a literature which ten centuries of uninterrupted productivity have not exhausted. French literature is human because it studies man; it is human because it incessantly provokes and places in the foreground the most important questions which interest man; his happiness, his conduct, his destiny; and it is human because it is nourished, as it were, 'on the milk of human kindness.'"

Let us be rid of the idea that the sons of France have beggared their souls to succeed in literature. Down in the street, where men elbow always and everywhere in primitive fashion, this may be so. And in truth in French literature this propensity has been focused and

dissected. But Victor Hugo has stated the case for the leaders of France.

"Success," is Victor Hugo's version, "is a very hideous thing, and its resemblance with merit deceives men. For the herd, success has nearly the same profile as supremacy. Success, that Menaechmus of talent, has a dupe in history, and Tacitus as Juvenal alone grumble at it. In our days an almost official philosophy wears the livery of success, and waits in the ante-room. Succeed, that is the theory, for prosperity presupposes capacity. Win in the lottery and you are a clever man, for he who triumphs is revered. All you want is to be born under a fortunate star. Have luck and you will have the rest, be fortunate and you will be thought a great man. Gilding is gold. The mob is as old as Narcissus, adoring itself and applauding the mob."

But with our eyes off the mob, the key-note of the writers of France who are given to lay bare her soul, is progression.

France has enjoyed a thousand years of literature, the fruits of which are in proof of this progression.

If we begin in the dawn of this literature, with the Chansons—say of Roland—we soon note that there is no middle class, but just nobles and peasants. Always a realist, however romantic, the French poet in his chansons is true to color. But advance to the era of the Romances, so-called, of a later century, and the

sterner, coarser fibre of early Roman character shows conversion into the gentle, courteous, essentially religious character of the Frenchman. The classes of society are now greatly diversified. Follow the French legend of the Holy Graal,—which comprises more than fifty thousand verses!—for witness of the proof of the statement.

Whence came Chaucer and Shakespeare but to France, for their fountains of fancy? And has not other than the English genius borrowed at these fountains?

If you ask, Whence the secret of these French sources of imagery, you will find them chiefly in the fact, perhaps, that France, being more ruthlessly and continuously overrun by the Romans, the Vandals, the Norsemen and Huns, experienced the ravages of imaginative terrors in addition, from which relief was found in poetic expression.

France, in her children, was seeking beauty for ashes, in this literature.

And so came creative genius from other lands to assimilate this beauty.

The sociability, humor and delight of the French people to narrate events had given the world a genre of literature all its own. Joinville, Froissart, Du Bellay, Montaigne, de Thou, D'Aubigné and Marguerite de Valois, in these Memoires, had greatly contributed to the vivacity and importance of the French literature of the sixteenth century.

The name of a single institution of France is proof of the early solidarity of the striving genius of expression in France. In Paris, in 1250, Robert de Sorbonne—born of a little village near Rheims—founded the now famous school that bears his name.

Why is the French tongue so signally beautiful and expressive? It is because Rabelais, Amyot, and Montaigne were in the forefront, as the creators of beautiful language in the sixteenth century; at the touch of their genius the betrothal and perfect union of the French with the classic expression was signalized.

What names soon greet us in French literature!

Descartes, Victor Cousin, Auguste Comte, Joubert, Taine and Renan of the philosophers.

François Guizot, the founder of political and social history in France; Thierry, Michelet, de Tocqueville.

In the natural sciences, Palissy and de Serres, French fruits of the Renaissance.

In poetry, early, d'Aubigne and du Bartas.

Soon the volume transcends our pages. Why?

The Renaissance.

The Renaissance, if cradled in Italy, occasioned in no country so tremendous and forward moving a change as in France. In no country was the humanism of the classics more notably espoused; in no country did the aspiration of the ancients seem so at one with the strivings of the people at home. Admiration for the masterpieces of the olden civilization was instinctive,

enthusiastic and far-reaching. Literature, science, government, art were prodigiously affected.

In Francois Rabelais, of the Franciscan, and later of the Benedictine order, France produced possibly the most passionate interpreter of the spirit of the Renaissance. Indefatigable as a student, acquainted with the Greek, Hebrew, Italian and Arabic tongues, Rabelais gained the power of understanding the common aspirations of mankind; while his many-sided talents of humor, satire and audacious art made him seem the very incarnation of the soul of the Renaissance.

Madame de Stael, Villemain, Vinet, Renan, Saint-Beuve, Taine, Brunetiere of the Critics:

Corneille, Racine, Voltaire of the drama, followed by de Vigny, de Muset, Alexander Dumas pere, Augier, Sardou of the modern drama, which includes also Maurice Maeterlinck, who, though born in Belgium, is properly classed with the French writers, since he lived in Paris.

Lamartine, Victor Hugo, de Musset, de Vigny, and Théophile Gautier of the Romanticists; Nodier, Béranger and Courier of the modern humorists and satirists; Aurore Dupin (George Sand), Dumas pere, Feuillet, Jules Verne, Anatole France, and Lemaitre of the modern novel; Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Daudet, of the realistic novel; Zola, Guy de Maupassant and Bourget of the naturalistic novel.

This is France in literature.

Everywhere fidelity to the truth, as progressively lived.

And so Victor Hugo's entreaty to risk reputation for the truth:

"Never let us fear robbers and murderers. These are external and small dangers; let us fear ourselves; prejudices are the real robbers, vices the true murderers. The real dangers are within ourselves. Let us not trouble about what threatens our head or purse, and think only of what troubles our soul."

And Montaigne had shown the way, standing ready to speak the truth, if "flayed by every hand, a Ghibelline to the Guelfs, a Guelf to the Ghibellines." With Louis Madelin, the historian, saying tersely, "I have made up my mind to that."

The place of France, then, in this field, in a word?

Always a dominating influence, an unflagging devotion in the literature and humanism of every age. Always a generosity of moral and social help. Always a bequeathment of noble sentiments and ideals. Always a guardianship of wisdom and experience. Never any cessation in her battle for lofty ideas. Never any recession from the spirit of sacrifice for the triumph of justice and liberty. Never a France without her Crusader.

Always we enter France for a true expression of life. "Are you not at one with me," asked d'Aurévilly, "on the subject of Art—namely, that, after all, Art is al-

ways less interesting than Life, which is the Art of God?"

In her wars it has been the same.

"The real French wars, in truth," writes Victor Giraud today, are more or less Crusades," and this is manifest at the present moment. And it was ever so. "The Volunteers of 1792 believed with touching sincerity that they were the missionaries of liberty in the world. Did not the Legislative Assembly declare that 'France was not undertaking the war of conquest,' and later on, after Jemmapes what did the Convention say? 'The National Convention declares in the name of the French nation that it will bring aid and brotherhood to all the peoples who wish to recover their liberty.' They speak of liberty instead of speaking of the 'tomb of Christ'—the spirit, however, has not changed at all."

"It was in France that the Crusades had their origin; it was a French monk, it was a French Pope who preached the first Crusade; it was a French king who led the last two and they were Frenchmen who participated most generously in them." All this Victor Giraud has said truly.



BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL

XV.

Whence the Supersense of Place Possessed of France?

There is, in France, a supersense of place:—
Whence?—"Whence but in the Gospel's grace?"

And he might have said, France has felt the crusading power of the missionaries of the Church, and by this has protected herself, as she has essayed the aid and brotherhood of all peoples in need of her arm.

If one takes an express train from Bordeaux to Paris through Potiers and Tours, he is following in the wake of the route the Moslems were pursuing when, in the name of God, Charles Martel met them in 732. And after Martel came missionaries, who aided "the Hammerer," to breast the invasion of the Germans from the east of the Rhine.

Has not France always felt the shock of some on-rushing aid, mysterious and marvelous, when she has battled in defense of her children, for the cause of the world?

Let Giraud tell the story of the suspense of Paris in 1914, as the foe swept nearer her suburbs:

"Paris was waiting. For what? She did not know. She knew one thing, namely, that she would be defended to the last."

"One morning she learned that the German danger was passing away, and that just as fifteen hundred years before the barbaric hoards for no apparent reason were turning away from the capital and marching to the fatal meeting on the fields around Chalons, Paris was saved. Paris understood the mystery of her deliverance no more than she had that of fifteen centuries before. I dare say that this mystery is today more incomprehensible than was that of fifteen hundred years ago. For it would be impossible to compare even very superficially the Paris of the days of Atilla with the Paris of our day."

Come, let us dwell on two scenes that separate four generations of Frenchmen, and yet typify the spirit of ten centuries of the struggle of France against odds, to fulfil her destiny.

The first scene brings us in the presence of the magnificent spirit out of which great French armies have been moulded:

"Legislators," strikes in the petition of the 20th June, 1792, "do not let this language astonish you. We do not belong to any party; we do not wish to adopt anything other than what shall be in accord with the Constitution. Did the enemies of the fatherland imagine that the men of the 14th of July are asleep? If they had that appearance their awakening is terrible: they have lost none of their energy. The immortal Declaration of the Rights of Man is too profoundly

graven upon their hearts. That precious boon, that boon of all the nations, will be defended by them and nothing will be capable of depriving them of it. It is time, gentlemen, to put into execution that article 2 of the Rights of Man. Follow the example of the Ciceros and Demosthenes and unveil in open senate the perfidious machinations of the Catalines. You have men animated by the sacred fire of patriotism: let them speak, and we will act."

The second scene is painted by Victor Giraud, in an apostrophe to the sons of France who have laid down their lives, and not in vain, as "animated by the sacred fire of patriotism."

"Oh, you young men, lying in the plains of the Marne, of Alsace, or of Flanders, you have given your lives heroically for that great work of reparation, to create a larger France, a France respected by the world and in perfect unity in a purified Europe where peace reigns. This spectacle which you will not see we want to last in the world for ages. We would not be worthy of you, if hereafter by our own hand we tear ourselves assunder. We have fully realized the austere lesson which you have taught us, for you died in brotherly love. We shall continue, we shall complete your work. If in spite of grief, or misery and ruin we are proud to have just lived through it is because we are certain that France in victory will be able to prolong the miracle of France."



JOAN OF ARC.

There is a religious character to these words that is beautiful, exalted, wonderful. God's influence breathes in the passage.

Victor Hugo's words in the scene of the dying Republican, in *Les Misérables* are recalled:

"Oh you who are! Ecclesiastes calls you Omnipotence; the Maccabees call you Creator; the Epistle to the Ephesians calls you Liberty; Baruch calls you Immensity; the Psalms call you Wisdom and Truth; St. John calls you Light; the Book of Kings calls you Lord; Exodus calls you Providence; Leviticus, Holiness; Esdras, Justice; Creation calls you God; man calls you the Father; but Solomon calls you Mercy, and that is the fairest of all your names."

Here again Humanism—for that is the meaning of this passage in *Les Misérables*—is attributed to the Divine influence.

We are very close to the full heart of France now.

It is as though France, taught by each political earthquake to throw her all into the balance, again and again, has been able, by her devotion to liberty, and by the sacrifice of her sons, only in the name of God, and through his mercy to infuse her enthusiasm for the just cause in the breasts of all liberty loving people.

This is in the thought of Victor Giraud, as once more see:

"Suddenly," writes Victor Giraud, "like a thunderbolt

the war burst forth. And immediately a new France appeared: a France united, proud without bravado, calm and serious, the very one we had built up in our dreams and which we had almost despaired of ever seeing with our mortal eyes; a France which accepted without a murmur her fate as though for forty years she had not been dreading this tragic day and had been preparing for it in silence. In the twinkling of an eye, all the pettiness of days gone by was forgotten and sunk deep in the past. In the twinkling of an eye a sacred union of minds and wills and hearts was established, a sort of crystallization of the soul of France—a thing which goes beyond our rational faculties. In all that I see a first French miracle.”

Professor Giraud is not peculiar in these words. You will find them on the lips of the greatest strategist in the history of war. Napoleon Bonaparte, mapping out with General Bertrand, at St. Helena, the battles of the past, comes at length to state his belief that human ends cannot well be shaped without faith in God. To his mind, he said, the Christ of the Gospel, was God. If my reader will substitute the thought of God in the place of Christ—if this can be done in following Napoleon’s language—he will find himself face to face with one of deepest and most far-reaching confessions of faith in the Infinite that is recorded in human words. I am quoting the words in this place, not for theological purposes, which after all are secondary, but for the purpose of under-

standing both Napoleon's and Victor Giraud's use of the term "miracle," I believe that we are nearer the heart of France, in following the words of these sons of France, as they attribute their faith to religious influences, than perhaps we have been before. Certainly the morale of religion—or rather the morale of victorious hosts through the consciousness of a righteous cause, in a day of national extremity, is here given notable acknowledgment. Napoleon says:

"The nature of Christ's existence is mysterious, I admit; but mystery meets the wants of man—reject it, and the world is an inexplicable riddle—believe it, and the history of our race is explained."

"You cannot reproach the Christians with the subtleties and artifices of those idealists who think to solve profound problems by their empty dissertations. Fools! their efforts are those of the infant who tries to touch the sky, or cries to have the moon for his plaything."

"The Gospel possesses a secret of indescribable efficacy, a warmth which influences the understanding and softens the heart. The Gospel is more than a book; it is a living thing, active powerful, overcoming every obstacle in its way."

"Christ never hesitates, never varies his instruction, and the least of his sayings is stamped with a simplicity and a depth which captivates the ignorant and the learned, if they give it their attention."

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful



THE GLORY OF THE PYRENEES.

thoughts, fine moral maxims, following one another like ranks of a celestial army, and producing upon the soul the same emotion as is felt in contemplating the infinite extent of the resplendent heavens on a fine summer night."

"One can never go astray with this book for his guide."

"Once master of our mind, the Gospel is a faithful friend."

"Do your children, General Bertrand, love you?"

"Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood; by the most sacred, most indissoluble of unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love."

"This wonderful power of his will."

"Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity."

"He alone succeeded in lifting the heart of man."

"All who sincerely believe in Christ taste this wonderful, supernatural exalted love, which is beyond the power of reason, above the ability of man; a sacred fire brought down to earth by this new Prometheus, and of which Time, the great destroyer can neither exhaust the force nor limit the duration. The more I think of this, I admire it the more."

"I have inspired multitudes with such affection for me that they would die for me . . . What a wide abyss between my deep misery now that I am forgotten,

and die before my time, and the eternal kingdom of Christ!"

"The more I think, it convinces me absolutely of the divinity of Christ. Christ is God."

XVI.

The Supreme Sacrifice

"I swear," he said, "most happy I,
To die, my France to glorify."

Is there a social vision in France? "I suspect," says Victor Hugo, of the seer, "he obtains his manner of judging things from the Gospels."

France believes this.

She believes that the miracle can be accomplished. Society can be persuaded to accept its full responsibility.

She believes it, because her sons, often from the ranks of the unprivileged, are performing a full man's task in their defense of society.

"He who goes hungry without complaining," writes Pierre Hamp, "who walks with bloody feet, only fires after taking aim, and only dies if necessary, is the soldier who has done his job perfectly."

Two soldiers have been rescued along the firing-line.

"The sun is glorious, is it not?" asks the Frenchman.

"It is glorious," echoes the American boy of nineteen, who has the thrust of the bayonet in his breast, and has been overcome with gas, and is convalescent on a glad June day below Soissons.

Why do I read in the American lad's letter to his father, that he is anxious to return to the battle-front?

Why do the boy's eyes brighten, as he meets those of the Frenchman?

Why is every American proud to fight at the side of a Frenchman?

Why is there the sense that the Frenchman is always surpassing himself in the battle?

The answer is ready on the lips of the Frenchman's brother:

"The Frenchman never fights so well as when he feels that his cause surpasses him and that his material interest is not alone at stake. To be sure, he loves his own country and in order to defend his native soil he consents to the heaviest and most bloody sacrifices; but he is happy in the thought that these sacrifices are of profit to others than himself and his countrymen. When these sacrifices are demanded of him not only for his country but for the triumph of one of those great and generous ideas, humanity, religion, justice, civilization, liberty, which raise man above himself and merge with his ephemeral self something of the eternal laws, then he offers his life with that sort of mystic ardor which makes him so terrible on the fields of battle," Again it is Giraud



JOAN OF ARC—Jacques Wagrez.



VILLENEUVE

who has painted the great French characteristic so truly.

Not empty words, these, for their author is able to lay before us the one unanswerable and eternal witness of the love that burns in the breast of the soldier of France for his country.

October 15th, 1914, at Vermelles, a letter was found on the person of the French Lieutenant Jean Chatany, the body lying lifeless. The letter was addressed to the wife of the dead soldier. It reads:

My Dear:

"I am writing this chance letter, because you can never tell. If it reaches you, it will be because France will have needed me to the very end. I swear, I shall die happy, if I must give up my life for her.

My only worry is the hard situation in which you and the children will be left. . . . You will kiss the dear little ones for their father. You will tell them that he has gone on a long, long journey still loving them, and thinking of them and protecting them from afar. I should like to have Cotte at least remember me, and there will be a little baby, which I have never seen. If it is a boy, my wish is that he become a doctor; unless, however, after this war France still needs officers. You will tell him when he has reached the age of understanding that his father gave up his life for a great ideal, that of our country, reconstituted and strong.

I think I have said what is most important. Fare-

well, my dear, my love. Promise me, that you will console father and mother, and tell the little girls that their father, however far away he may be, will never cease to watch over them and love them. We shall meet again some day, united once more, I hope, with Him who guides our lives and has given me near you and through you such happiness. Poor dear one, I have not had time to dwell long upon our love, which nevertheless is so great and strong. Farewell till we meet again, the great, the real meeting. Be strong.

YOUR JOHN.

XVII.

The Religion of Work.

Once more, what is Work?—answer well,
And I, what the faith of France is, will tell.

One final tribute remains to be laid on the altar of our affection for France.

I have spoken of the Christian faith of France. A great English author, speaking of Chateaubriand, sums up the case for this faith:

"I could not desire a stronger proof of the power of literature in France," writes Henry Lytton Bulwer in 1836, "than that which is to be found in the *Génie du Christianisme*.

"What is that eloquent work?—a pleading before the Academy in favor of the gospel."

If we look closely into this plea of Chateaubriand's, it is Napoleon's conviction all over again, in substance. Thus a single sentence: "It is not in order, to prove that Christianity is excellent because it came from God, but that it came from God because it is excellent."

What Bulwer says of the Gospel, through Chateaubriand, we have learned to say of the Prophets, and of the Hebrew faith, through our association together in the prosecution of the war. Our religion is not so far

now from being one. By its work after all religion is known. And so,—

There is, so to speak, a third religion in France, if not everywhere. Possibly a faith that springs from the religion of the Bible.

It is the religion of Work.

You will read the articles of this faith everywhere in French literature.

Roughly, the faith is stated—and, with this religion, when stated, proved—as follows:

Only with supreme effort can the artist expect to paint the smile, for the smile is harder to paint than tears.

Only by labor renewed can youth be portrayed, for the canvas yields the image of age less reluctantly than the image of youth.

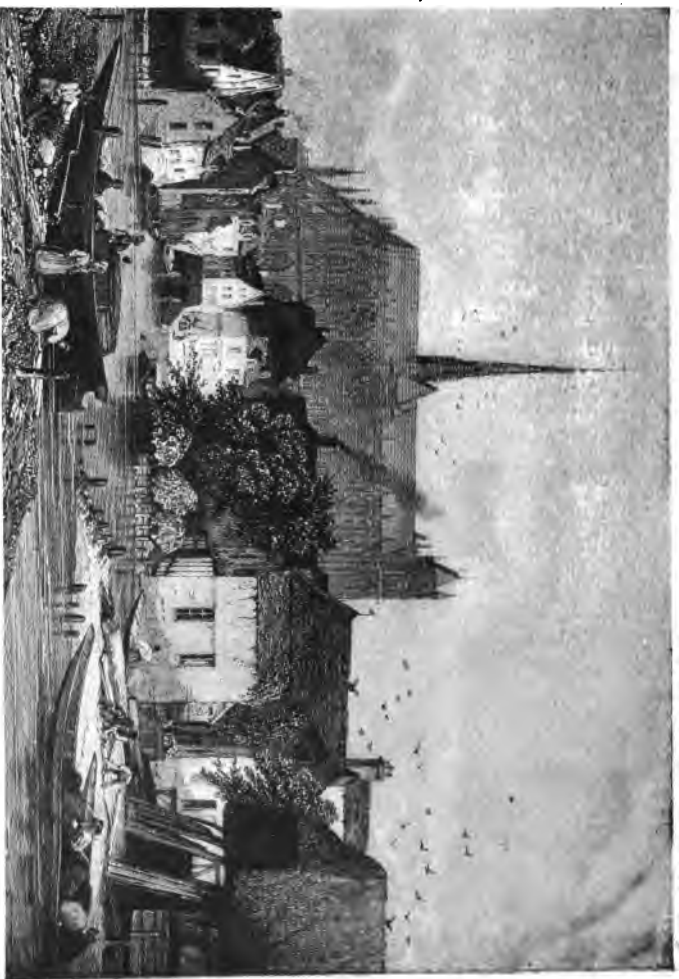
Not till you know how to paint a lemon on a Japanese plate, have you toiled with your art.

Genius—it is as a great American has said, the capacity of taking infinite pains.

You are an artist, and have worked with the face; have you worked for the hand?—the hand is as revealing as the face.

There is a long road of failure before you can do well. It is the story of science and art. It is the story of Man.

Glory?—it, too, is the fruit of hard work.



AMIENS CATHEDRAL

To the worker who thinks the beautiful is everywhere.

And if you work, nothing is altogether ugly.

And if you do not work, you are vulgar.

You can paint woman but not man, you say; the reason is plain; woman is easier to paint than man.

Without work your brush may be violent, but vigorous never.

You idle at your task; your painting cracks in the sun.

But you must not only work, you must have faith, to paint a religious picture.

When you have succeeded, manage to live out of doors more; out of doors you are close to nature; without nature you will become wearisome in your art, your oratory and your business; and if you wish to be a colorist, if you would keep the freshness of life, you must be steeped in the seashore.

You lag in your efforts, art has died in you—you turn only to annals, to the deeds of others.

You surround yourself with orientalisms, you give yourself to oriental impressionism:—I know you; the sentiments of love are your moving passion, for all is love in oriental art.

Who works to achieve his ideals is no peasant; he glances often at the sky.

After long labor you find yourself; labor yet harder, you learn to express yourself.

Passionate love of art?—it is the matter of joyous industry.

Art and industry are the fairest flowers in the land.

Jacques Amyot toiling into the night by the light of burning coal, gladdened by a loaf of bread once a week from his mother through boatmen on the Seine; Pierre de Ronsard on his loss of the sense of hearing, giving himself to the rejuvenation of old words and the creation of new words, and to such mastery of form and style, that he became the founder of modern French poetry; François de Malherbe—"tyrant," so-called, "of words and syllables"—devoting his life to disciplining the French language to the perfection of its purity; Boileau addressing himself to the full possibilities of satire, as affecting the French mind. Victor Hugo, rising at three o'clock in the morning and working till noon.

This capacity of the Frenchman to throw himself into his labor is stated, now and again, as the great explanation of this marvelous nation.

It does indeed explain much of the wonders which France has accomplished.

"I see France living through these bitter years," writes Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant," on the strength of her ancient everyday virtues. Most of all, by force of what has been called her 'professional conscience,' that love of work for work's sake, that passion for technical perfection, that scrupulous patience in carrying things

through, which, whether it takes the form of good housekeeping, tilling a field, writing a verse, making an artificial flower, or firing a big gun, is, I long ago came to believe, the deepest source of the French national energy."

"Work," exclaims Balzac, "it is this force that subdues the claims of a fiery nature. Success, what is it, after all, but a matter of hard work."

Admitting all that can be said of this force, I am wondering whether some future day we shall not be laying a further tribute at the feet of France:—her discovery, through the great war, the means of proving to the satisfaction of every son and daughter within the Republic, that it was God who gave France, and her Allies, this work to do.

As an American, joining hands across the sea with our brothers in the conflict, I hear the words of François Guizot, through the years, words which were spoken in the praise of the work of Washington; and I am gladdened that the great Guizot presages, perhaps, the outcome of the present war, in that he is moved to praise the Supreme Being, as the Giver to Mankind of the work that true men are qualified to do.

Guizot ends his book with the conviction:

"Government will be, always and everywhere, the greatest exercise of the faculties of man. In men who are worthy of this destiny, all weariness, all sadness of spirit, however it might be permitted in others, is weak-

ness. Their vocation is labor. Their reward is, indeed, the success of their efforts, but still only in labor. Very often they die, bent under the burden, before the day of recompense arrives. Washington lived to receive it. He deserved to enjoy both success and repose. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate. In this world, God has no higher favors to bestow."

It is so.

Let us end our book in the majesty of the thought.

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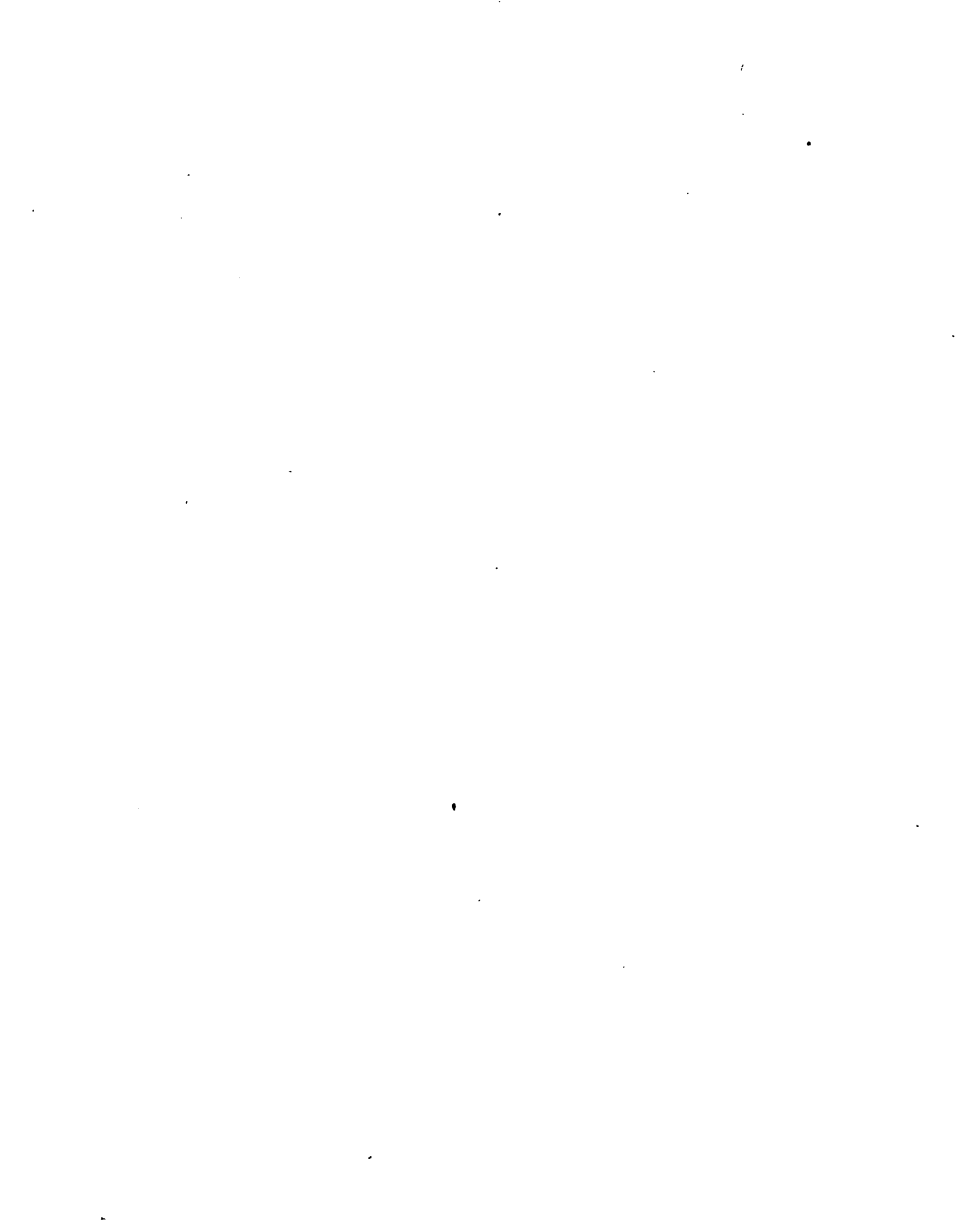
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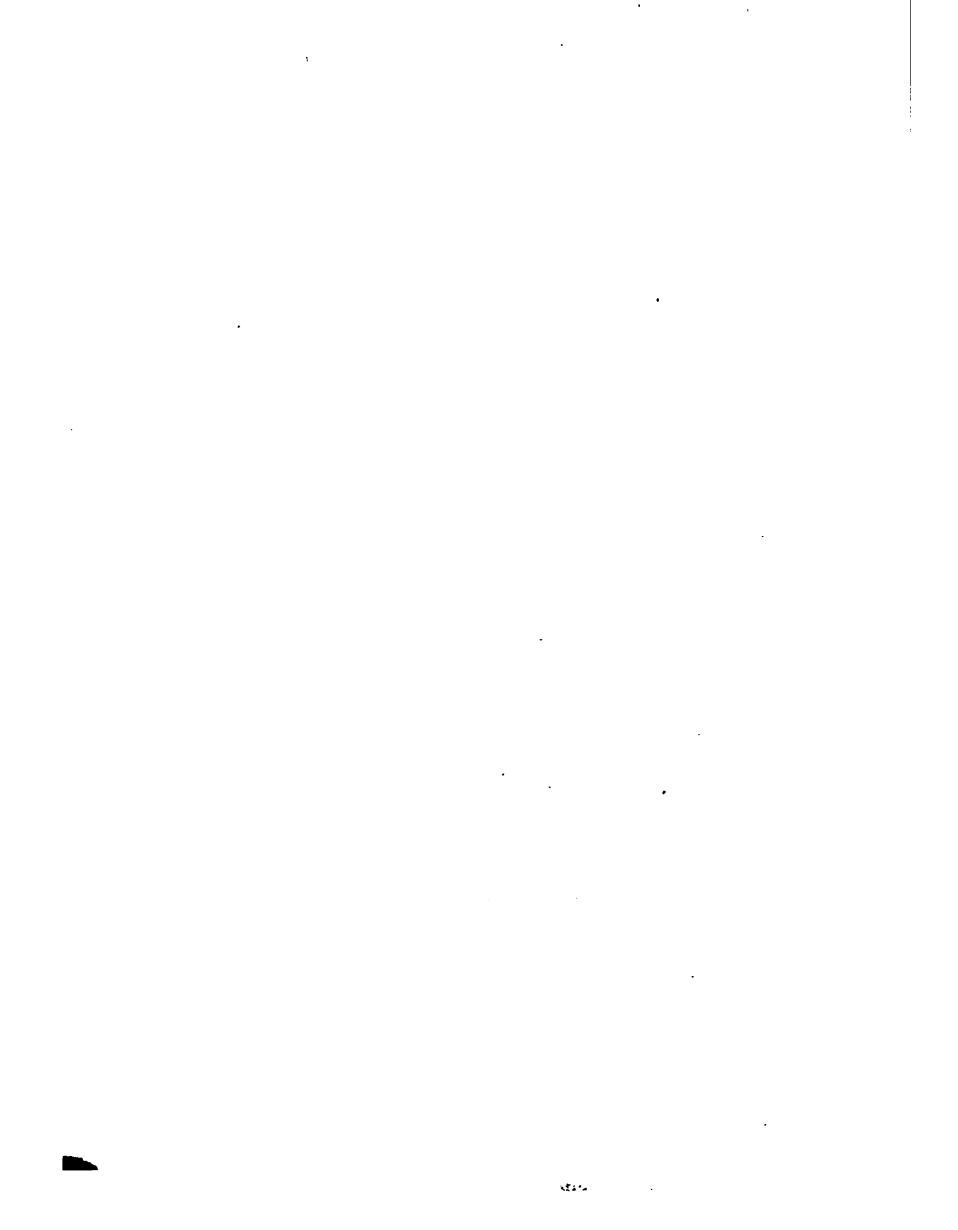
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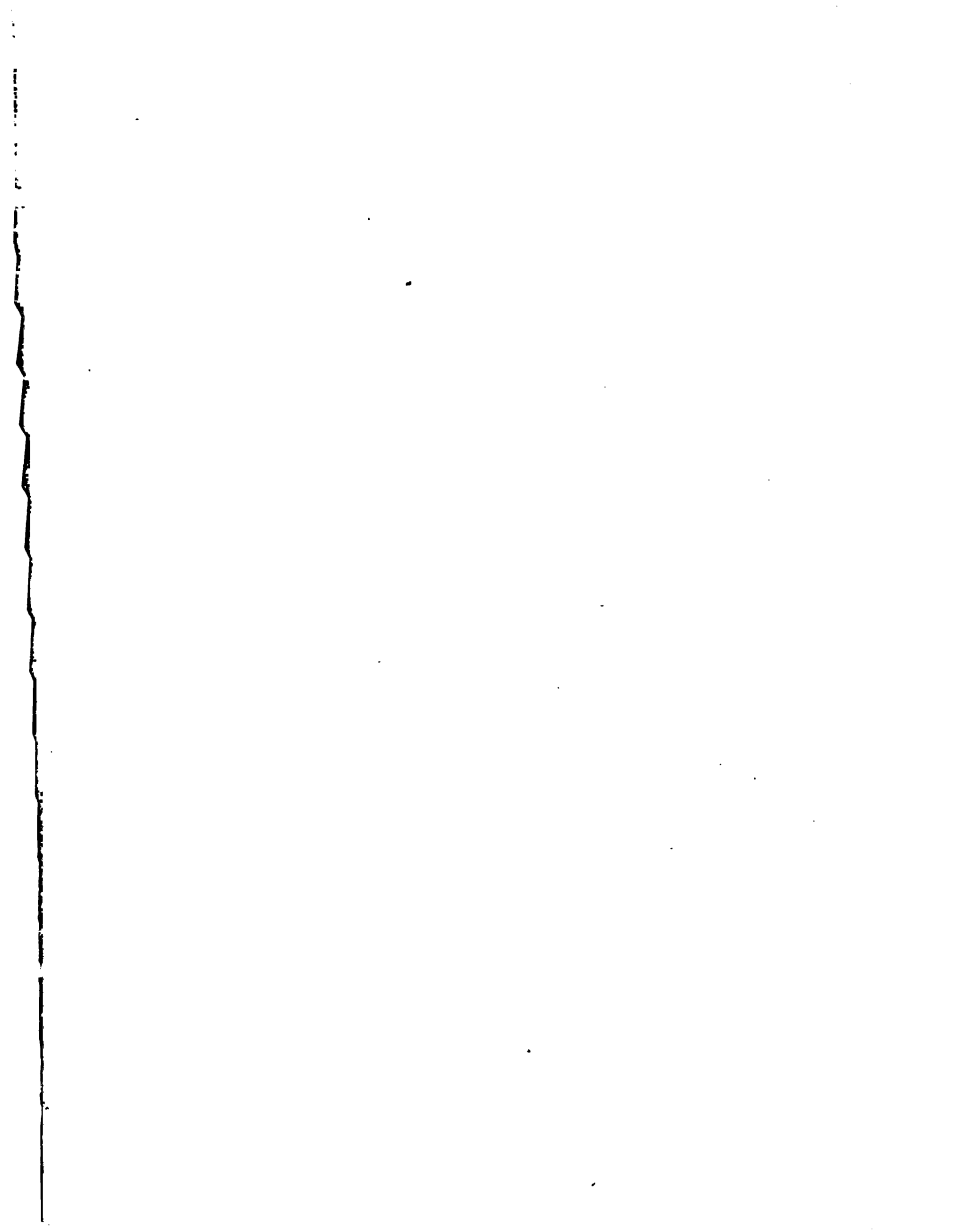
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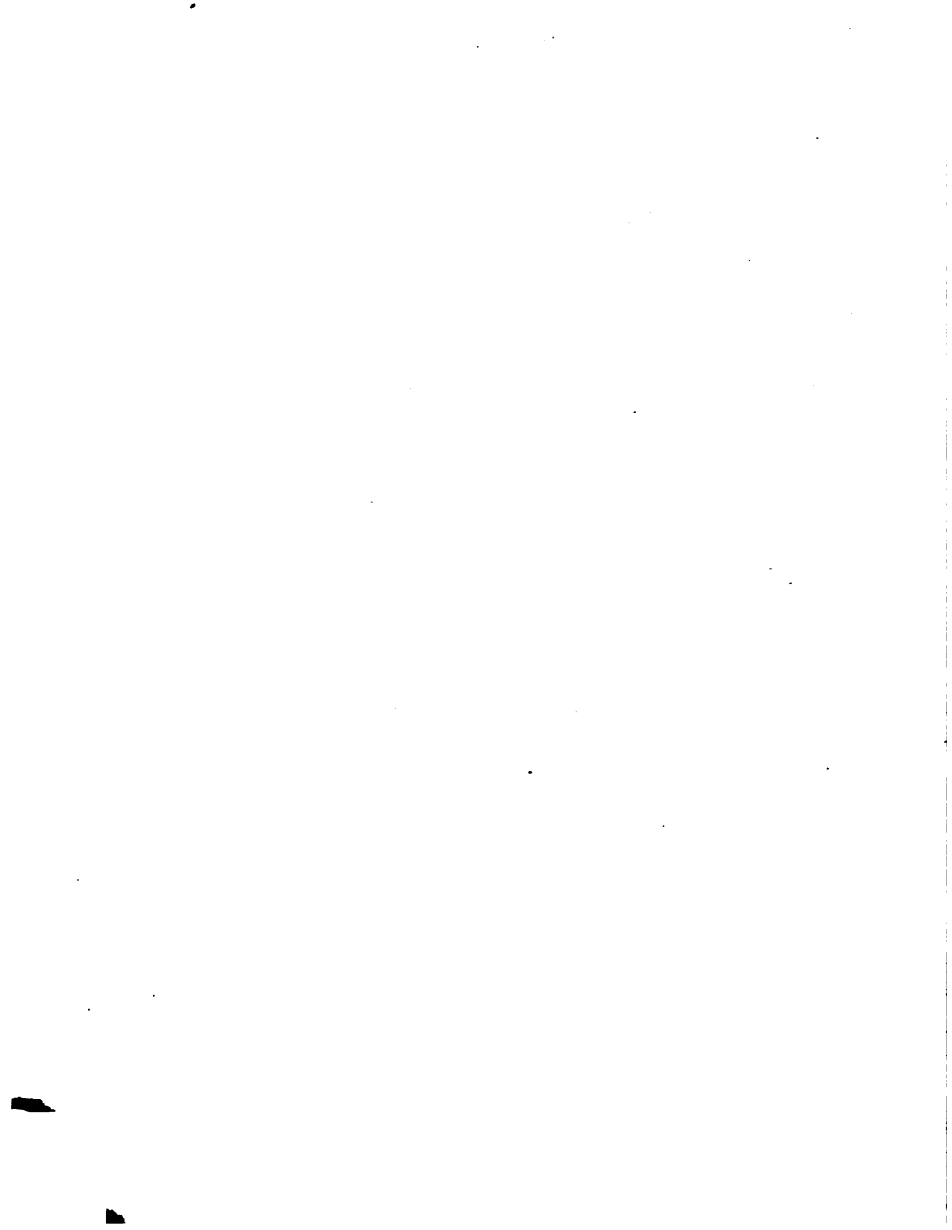
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